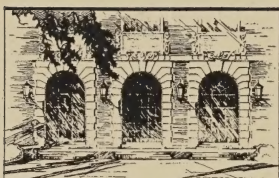


SPEECHES

Their preparation
and their delivery




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SPEECHES
THEIR PREPARATION
AND THEIR DELIVERY

Speeches

Their Preparation and Their Delivery

By

Alexander Burton

Author of "Public Speaking Made Easy," etc., etc.



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Edward J. Clode

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Speeches: Their Preparation and Their Delivery

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

IN the Ingoldsby Legends, there is a description of the monks, belonging to a certain order. Thus:

*"Ne'er suffered to speak, think only in Greek,
And subsist as the bears do by sucking their paws."*

By contrary, this quotation bears on the art of after-dinner speaking. By contrary indeed! For the company with which we are concerned is by no means silent, according to the discipline for the monks, nor does it do its thinking in Greek. Rather, it does little thinking in any language — as little as possible, and instead of the melancholy

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travesty of eating by which monks and bears seek to assuage the pangs of fasting, our fortunate assembly is filled to repletion with the best of food.

The final statement is of fundamental importance in our consideration of post-prandial oratory. The characteristic quality of such oratory is determined by the mood of those listening to the speaker, and the mood itself is the product of the meal. When persons have dined well, the activities of digestion make a special demand on the blood supply. In consequence, less blood circulates in the brain, and intellectual energy diminishes. The whole result is a sense of well-being, in which mental effort would prove irksome, but which is agreeably disposed toward the lighter forms of entertainment.

It is, then, for very positive and material reasons that the art of after-dinner speaking must be considered quite apart from oratory in general. The orator for more serious occasions must depend primarily on an intellectual achievement, if he is to make any

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success worth while. He must present an orderly discourse, justified by sound reasoning. Without this logical basis of argument, his persuasive skill and verbal eloquence are barren things. The after-dinner speaker, however, is confronted with a wholly different task. It may be asserted, in fact, that his entire duty is to entertain. The hour following on a feast is not a period for instruction or edification: it is a period for enjoyment, pure and simple. Let the emphasis be on that word "simple." Simplicity must be the keynote of the entertainment offered by the speaker. Here is no place for complexities, for the intricacies of genius in argument. Whatever is said must be of a sort that the hearers may follow fully without any least suggestion of mental strain. When the speaker compels his listeners to concentrate their minds in an effort to think deeply, he interrupts the pleasant processes of digestion, and that interruption reacts emotionally on his audience, so disagreeably that both the speech and speaker are dis-

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liked. The brilliant idea, the tremendous appeal, the erudition of the scholar should be rigorously barred from this interval of relaxation, ease and goodfellowship. The talk, whatever its theme, must be harmonious to the spirit of the occasion, or it will be a failure.

Perhaps the one word that may best characterize the quality to be sought for this form of speaking is geniality. This is well illustrated in the person of Chauncey M. Depew, whose ability as an after-dinner speaker was of the highest order. His geniality was always distinctive, in both manner and words. It is a lamentable truth that such geniality is often lacking. Its absence means an address from which the reputation of the speaker and the patience of his audience alike suffer. The man with a message must not rant it after dinner. Here is no place to parade the atrocities in Armenia, or to recite statistics that prove the salvation or damnation of this or that. The response of the listeners to these, and the like, at such a time, will be either scowls or yawns.

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It is evident, at the outset, that the requirement of geniality involves in itself as well simplicity, to which reference has already been made. For geniality demands simplicity as an essential to its character. The pompous man is never truly genial, however hard he may try to show himself in that aspect. Similarly, the pompous manner is fatal to the success of the after-dinner speaker since it renders geniality impossible. The necessary geniality is merely the sense of well-being within one's self extended outward into unity with the happy mood of the company as a whole. The speaker must show that he is at ease, that he is contented with things in general, with himself and particularly with his company. Such geniality is not difficult of attainment, for simplicity, sincerity and practise are the only essentials.

One who is ambitious to achieve a reputation as an after-dinner speaker must appreciate thoroughly the nature of his undertaking. It is not his duty to prepare a serious oration and to deliver it with fire and passion; his

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part is merely to entertain; to that end he should devote all his resources; and according to the measure in which he entertains so will be the measure of his success. He need not limit himself to froth and frivolity, but he must limit himself rigidly to the purpose of entertaining, and of entertaining only. There may be crumbs of information, of learning, of sentiment, just as there may be caraway seeds in a loaf of rye bread, but these must be no more than scattered crumbs. It must be borne in mind constantly that the occasion for such speaking is a festive one. The audience has satisfied its physical cravings, and is in a condition of placid contentment, which will resent any serious disturbance, but will welcome a gentle mental fillip as a subtle *sauce piquant* to the feast. Savages have always taken their food very seriously. Civilized man tends to do the same. When a really hungry person sits down to eat, conversation is a nuisance. To mingle dining, dancing, prima donna, and worse, is a present-day absurdity. In baronial halls of an earlier

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age, where there was mighty feasting, talking was usually taboo until the food had vanished. Afterward, came speeches of welcome to visitors at the board, and their responses, boasting narratives of individual exploits, toasts to beauty, all the varied expressions of man as a social creature. Human nature remains much the same throughout its countless guises. The breaking of bread together, the sharing of salt, which has always been sanctified in some measure among primitive peoples, avails something still in the more cultured world of to-day. Ordinarily, some degree of fellowship at least is created among those who sit together to eat, simply from the fact of such association. The effect is enhanced when the gathering is made a particular function of importance. The time is one for material enjoyment of a wholesome sort. That enjoyment brings the assembly into a receptive state, in which there is readiness to welcome a final, finer pleasure to be afforded by a speaker whose art is of a sort to satisfy. The orator who realizes

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fully the meaning of this mood in his audience responds to it, and exercises his arts of entertainment in an address primarily simple and genial, afterward distinctive and diverting according to his individual ability.

CHAPTER II

SIMPLICITY

THE after-dinner speaker should at the outset recognize the virtue of simplicity in his art, and endeavor persistently to make it an attribute of his own. This simplicity is of a fundamental sort, and it should be extended specifically in three applications. The first of the three has to do with the manner, generally considered, of the speaker, while the second and third are concerned respectively with the language employed in the address and the substance — in other words, the form and the idea.

Now, as to the manner of the speaker. This includes his personal appearance, in so far as it is within his control; his bearing, facial expression, position of the hands, and the like; in fact, everything that goes to the

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making up of appearance and demeanor. And just here it is to be noted that the instructions concerning simplicity must be of a negative, rather than a positive character. It is well enough to declare that the speaker must assume an easy and graceful posture. But it is more difficult, if not quite impossible, to describe in detail what constitutes an easy and graceful posture. It is safe to urge that the position assumed be a natural one, in order to avoid the effect of self-consciousness and evident artificiality. But along with this, we must give particular counsel of the negative kind, directions as to what should not be done. Thus, the attitude, though natural, should not be slouchy. The speaker should be at pains to stand erect, with head held well up. He should not stoop, or let his head fall forward, or leave his eyes down-cast. He must show by a certain dignity in his pose his appreciation of the fact that for the moment he is the object of interest to the company. An awkward, listless or bored air would evidence a lack of respect, and of

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itself create a preliminary prejudice against the speaker. The hands should not be thrust into the pockets. They should hang loosely at the sides. Even the thrusting of one within the breast of the coat is to be deprecated. They should not be permitted to rest on the table; there is too much likelihood that if thus placed the fingers will presently begin to toy with anything that chances to lie within reach. When the nervousness of a speaker is such that he cannot readily control the movements of his hands, he may clasp them behind his back, and thus hold them in order. He should take care also to avoid resting his hands on the back of his chair. Besides the awkwardness of this posture, it leads almost invariably to a jiggling of the chair in a manner that might be highly interesting if done by spooks at a seance, but can only unpleasantly distract the attention of the speaker's audience. In this connection, it should be pointed out that a posture of ease and dignity can be held only when there is no excess of self-consciousness, and such

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excess of self-consciousness is escaped simply by fixing the attention on the speech itself. A real concentration maintained throughout on his discourse will save the speaker from any embarrassing consciousness of himself.

Just as the posture should be one of dignified simplicity, so should the method of delivery. Here, again, negative directions are important. There must be no ranting. The voice should be moderate, of no more volume than is necessary for distinctness. There should be no tricks of delivery. Oratorical variations of pitch and inflection are to be shunned. An ordinary conversational tone suffices. The only change from the usual manner of talking should be in an increased distinctness of enunciation, and, of course, particular care in the proper formation of every phrase and sentence.

It should be observed in this connection that the tendency of present-day oratory of the more serious sort is distinctly toward the same simplicity. Within recent years, there has come an essential change in the methods

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of the best public speakers. The spread-eagle style of speechmaking still survives, but it is to be found chiefly in more remote communities, where traditions are difficult to overcome, and the populace demands of the orator a turgid rhetoric delivered with all the vocal and gesticulatory embellishments of fiery eloquence. But the ablest speakers in the chief centers of our civilization prefer a simpler fashion of address, and rely chiefly on the clearness and power of the argument presented. Thus, while discoursing on the gravest themes, they approach in manner that which has been described as especially suitable for the after-dinner speaker. The chief difference lies in the quality of geniality, concerning which there will be some discussion in the chapter following. The genial quality, which is essential to the successful after-dinner speaker may, or may not, distinguish the mode employed by the more serious orator. But the after-dinner speaker may find a real satisfaction in the trend toward simplicity of all oratory. For by so much as he is able

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to attain skill in the lighter kind of speech-making, he actually is preparing himself for success in the more pretentious style of oratory. The distinction between the two in the matter of manner was most marked in the past, but to-day the difference is slight, and any excellence acquired in the one is easily to be transferred to the other.

The third application of simplicity is to the thought presented in the speech. It is to be remembered that the audience is engaged in the task of digestion, and these agreeable physical processes should not be unduly disturbed by violent appeals on the part of the speaker to either the emotions or the intellect. The single exception has to do with humor, which seems to stimulate agreeably the digestive action, and due attention will be given to this fact later on. For the present, our concern is with the necessity for simplicity in constructing the outline of the address. There should be nothing in the least difficult for the audience to follow. Intellectual subtleties are not for such an oc-

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casion. Indeed, the speech must be absolutely free from anything calculated to tax the brains of the listeners. Once thoroughly appreciated, this fact greatly lightens the task of preparing the after-dinner speech. The novice (some who are not novices commit the same fault) is likely to strain his mental faculties in an effort to assemble ideas of an impressive sort. He fancies that his address should contain something remarkable in order to impress his own ability upon his hapless hearers. He therefore cudgels his wits to find ideas such as he deems worthy of himself and of the occasion. By so much as he succeeds in this undertaking, his speech becomes ponderous and tedious. He should, on the contrary, select a simple idea fitting to the occasion and after this selection has been made, he should determine an equally simple way of introducing the topic, and of concluding it. As will be shown further on, this method is entirely adequate in all circumstances, and admits of endless variation as the need arises. In addition, there remains

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only the matter of embellishments. Particular attention will be given to this phase of the subject in a subsequent chapter under the heading of "Wit and Humor."

When it so happens that a person absolutely without experience is required to make a speech, he is prone to be nervously apprehensive of making an ignominious failure. Yet, he need have no such fear. In the first place, he may comfort himself with the realization that the audience will hardly expect any eloquence from such a maiden effort. And in the second place, the glibness of a veteran orator would be rather unbecoming, as well as unexpected, in the speech of one wholly inexperienced. The novice must not be unduly distressed over any embarrassment he may feel in an unfamiliar situation, since the company will appreciate his trouble and be sympathetic in his behalf. Moreover, the display of embarrassment is not unseemly in such cases. The hesitating speech is not only tolerated, but is approved and applauded. The single

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requirement is that there should be a speech. It is advisable that the beginner should exhibit conspicuously the merit of brevity in his address. In this wise, he makes the task the easiest possible for both himself and his hearers. It is better, too, that in his earliest efforts the speaker should not depend on extemporaneous utterances. After he has spoken in public a few times, he will acquire a fair degree of self-confidence, so that he may venture to leave the exact fashioning of sentences to the moment of speaking them, but in the initial attempts it will be expedient to write down a very short address and to memorize this perfectly. In subsequent speeches, it is often advisable to mingle the extemporaneous and the memorized. One of the most frequent faults in the extemporaneous speaker is a glaring inability to stop. It is a sad fact that innumerable admirable speeches are spoiled by rambling on and on long after they should have ended. The extemporaneous orator in his pride is eager to add a concluding sentence of particular

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power, and this sentence is always just beyond. He tries for it, and tries again *ad nauseam*. This error is most easily avoided by determining in advance the exact form of the final sentence or paragraph. When this has been memorized, the task of ending the speech ceases to be troublesome. It is only necessary to repeat the memorized bit, and then to sit down.

CHAPTER III

GENIALITY

WHETHER would succeed in the art of after-dinner speaking should take to heart his need of geniality as an attribute. The quality as it is meant here is of wide application, and it should persist without interruption throughout every address delivered. It must not be limited merely to externals, but it must be characteristic of all details in the speech itself and even of the substance of the thought.

Geniality must be conspicuous in the whole personality of the speaker. And it is just here that there is danger. The geniality must be real: an artificial assumption of a genial manner fails of its purpose. The speaker's appearance of cheery kindliness must come from a genuine feeling within him.

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It is true that the winning smile and beaming glance may be cultivated, and the ambitious orator should cultivate them assiduously. But he should be careful to cultivate as well even more diligently the genial mood for himself, of which smile and glance shall be the natural manifestation. Honest feeling carries a magnetism of its own that cannot be duplicated by any skill of hypocrisy. Moods can be controlled by an intelligent exercise of the will and faithful practise. The speaker should attain such a mastery over himself that whenever he rises to address an audience he actually experiences that feeling of geniality which is essential to his success.

It is obvious that the genial manner is requisite to an occasion of a festive sort. It is not so obvious that the genial quality should pervade as well the substance and the spirit of the speech. Too many speakers err in permitting wit to overcome kindliness. Laughter may be provoked by clever sarcasm and ironic personal allusions, but this

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sort of brilliancy provokes a certain distrust of the orator that reacts very unfavorably upon his reputation. Equal laughter may be excited by wit and humor that have no sting, that leave no aftermath of bitterness.

So, the speaker who desires a reputation of the best must see to it that the genial quality be not lacking in every sentence he utters. In a more intimate gathering, there is much opportunity for references to this or that person among the company and these by the exercise of ingenuity based on knowledge may be made very amusing indeed. But never at the cost of unpleasantness to one thus singled out. There must be no malice. Every quip must be founded in good nature, made inoffensive by kindness. The speaker will find here ample occasion for the exercise of discreet judgment. Most of us have our own pet foibles. Of some of these we are proud; of others we are ashamed. Allusions to the first please us, to the second distress us. The speaker may find excellent material in the first; he must scrupulously

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avoid any reference to the second. The condition of true geniality demands the entertainment of all, the enjoyment of all, not the amusing of some at the expense of others.

The point made here concerning the foibles of persons is to be extended still further in its application. The speaker must carefully avoid any topic over which the company is seriously divided in its opinions. He must bear in mind constantly that it is his part to grace a festive occasion. Nothing could be more tactless than to introduce a theme provocative of bitter feeling among his hearers. If he retains carefully in his consciousness the necessity for geniality, he will escape such errors of taste. Even where a particular subject has been assigned to the speaker, and this subject is one over which ill feeling exists, it is always possible by the exercise of ingenuity so to treat the topic as to render it harmless. In every instance, this method should be followed, or the speaker himself will suffer in the public estimation. Wit and humor are of vital

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importance to the genial effect of a discourse, as we shall point out in the following chapter. And both wit and humor may be savage and cruel, or they may be amiable and joyous. The amusement of the evil sort must be conscientiously excluded at all times by the speaker who is desirous of an honorable fame. But there are no bounds except those imposed by his own abilities as to the availability of that wit or humor which is free from any least trace of malice.

Let us now consider more extensively this most important phase of our subject.

CHAPTER IV

WIT AND HUMOR

WIT and humor are, or at least should be, characteristic of the after-dinner speech. The importance of this quality in the lighter form of oratory cannot be overestimated.

We have no concern with the rather difficult distinctions that may be drawn between wit and humor. As a matter of fact, definitions in this regard are usually rather confusing, if not inaccurate. It is enough for our purpose to realize that wit is dependent on an intellectual activity, while humor may have its source in circumstances. For example, there was a humorous situation when the cottage gate displayed an imposing sign: "Beware the dog," and there was nowhere any evidence of the alleged dangerous creature.

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But the absurdity of the situation was emphasized by wit when a passer-by rewrote the sign to read: "Ware be the dog?" It is pure humor in the story of the absent-minded professor who, on returning home is confronted by a new maid and is informed by the servant, unknowing his identity, that the professor is out. He thereupon sits down on the doorstep patiently to await his own return. Here simply the situation in itself is ludicrous. There is no intellectual activity involved. On the contrary! On the other hand, pure wit is displayed in a story that has to do with Choate in his younger days. On one occasion, he was engaged in trying a case in Westchester County, which lies adjacent to New York City. The opposing attorney referred to the "Chesterfieldian urbanity" of his adversary. Choate, in replying, spoke casually of the "Westchesterfieldian suburbanity" of the other lawyer.

It is often said that the pun is the lowest form of humor, but this allegation, like most generalities, is untrue. Actually, a pun may

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be good or it may be bad. The disfavor with which it is regarded is due to the fact that a punning habit is of all things tiresome. One guilty of this vice makes his plays on words in season and out of season with no care as to whether or not the idea presented be of an amusing sort. Yet in just this point is involved the value or the worthlessness of any pun. When the play on words presents an idea that in itself is diverting, the wit is admirable. When the verbal juggling offers no suggestion that is amusing, the pun is absolutely without excuse. There is excellent wit in the story told above of Choate, yet it is only punning. So, too, the merit in the story of the changed sign concerning the dog lies in the pun. But in each instance, the pun itself is of a kind to provoke laughter.

So much attention to the meaning of wit and humor is demanded as preliminary because of the vital part they must play in the success of an after-dinner speaker. The aspirant to honors in this field should make no mistake in regard to the prime need of ability

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to amuse his audience. Let him remember all that has been said concerning the requirement for geniality. The same argument reaches out with even greater emphasis to insist on the employment of wit and humor in every such address. We have to do with a festal occasion, and the spirit of that occasion is to be interpreted chiefly always by mirth. Pathos and tears are permissible for marriages and funerals, but they hamper digestion, and are totally out of place after dinner. The proper adjuncts to follow feasting are smiles and laughter. Ripples of merriment, or even more gusty cachinnations, help, rather than hinder, the digestive processes. It is for the speaker to employ all his arts toward amusing his audience, toward moulding their mental state to a well-being in harmony with the physical. It is sometimes asserted that the after-dinner speaker should by no means limit himself to funny stories, but should rather present a well-thought-out address containing serious ideas. Objection to humor as the chief ingredient in

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the discourse is based on a total misunderstanding as to the spirit of the occasion. There are opportunities a plenty for the presentation of serious ideas without lugging them to the banquet hall. The postprandial hour is solely for pleasure, not for heavy thought. The speaker must bear this fact in mind constantly, and never, by ill-timed gravity thwart the mood of the company. In consequence, he is to make his main reliance on wit and humor in every such address. Indeed, it is almost impossible for him to err by being too funny. It was all very well for Oliver Wendell Holmes to write a poem in which, after describing the ill effects of overmuch laughter by the printer's boy reading the author's verses, to assert that "since then I've never dared to be as funny as I can." The ambitious speaker need have one last qualm of fear in this regard. He may safely dare his utmost in the way of being funny, and by so much as he is successful in his efforts his fame will increase, and the demands for his presence will multiply.

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One who intends to make a habit of after-dinner speaking should devote himself very earnestly to the art of story-telling. For this, the first essential is an adequate supply of the stories themselves. There is, fortunately, no lack of these. Excellent stories are being told constantly by word of mouth, by the newspapers and in the magazines, of which many have a special humorous department. But, unless one has strained himself particularly to retain memory of the stories he hears or reads, and has grown skilled in recalling them at will so that they may be available whenever desired, he will do well in the beginning to make a business of remembering by means of notes and clippings. It is advisable for the tyro to employ a scrap book as a convenient and comprehensive aid to recollection. Whenever he chances on a good story in his reading, he captures it for his own by cutting it out and pasting it in the book. He will be astonished by the rapidity with which his collection increases in bulk, and likewise by the variety offered in the as-

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sembled tales. A few weeks of industry will supply a humorous repertory of no mean extent, and persistence in the practise will soon afford a sufficient stock for all possible occasions. It may be desirable, also, for the sake of convenience to include in the scrap book brief written notes of any good stories heard. This method has the advantage of simplicity, since all the material is gathered between the covers of a single book.

There should be no attempt at classification of the stories. And this for two reasons. The first reason is that any effort toward arrangement of the various anecdotes would seriously complicate the labor involved and render it onerous. The second reason is that no advantage is derived from such classification. This fact might easily be questioned by the inexperienced person, but actually it cannot be controverted. As a matter of fact, a true classification of stories cannot be made without repetitions to the point of absurdity. The essential character of any story lies in the

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application of it. Let us demonstrate this by an example.

A kindly old lady visiting the zoo was present at the feeding of the lions. She regarded the huge cats sympathetically, and at last ventured a question to the keeper:

“Isn’t that a very small piece of meat to give to the lions?”

The keeper answered with sincere politeness — of intention:

“Well, mum, it may seem like a very small piece of meat to you, mum, but it seems like a very big piece of meat to the lions, mum.”

Now, here is an anecdote that is sufficiently amusing for the scrap book. Moreover, it is of a sort that lends itself excellently for purposes of illustration. How, then, shall we classify it? Of course, it may be slipped into the L columns with the caption, “Lions.” Thus indexed, the story will be available whenever there is need of one that has to do with lions. But — ! The usefulness of this particular tale is by no means limited to that particular subject. In reality, the character

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of the story is determined by its application. And this application is not limited to one thing; the scope of application is broad, as may be seen almost at a glance, and it becomes still broader under further scrutiny. Thus, the story may be used in connection with the subject of kindness, for the old lady's question was begotten of sympathy. Or it may be used in connection with error, for she had a mistaken notion as to what was required by the beasts. Or it may be used in connection with the subject of politeness, for the keeper meant to be very polite indeed. Or it may be used in connection with the subject of exactness, for the keeper was laboriously exact in his reply. Or it may be used in connection with the subjects of meat, food in general, the appetites of animals or of old ladies, or the manners of men and women and brutes, civic improvements as represented by the zoo in the park and so forth, and so forth. To index properly such a story would require its repetition under many headings.

In truth, the experienced after-dinner

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speaker knows very well that the requirement of chief importance is the really good story. Once this is secured, it is possible by the exercise of a little ingenuity to make it applicable to almost any subject. For there are many phases of thought in even the simplest of tales, and the application depends wholly on just which phase may be selected by the speaker for emphasis.

So, in the scrap book, there is no occasion for an index. Whenever a story is desired, it is easily to be found by glancing over the columns. Presently, one will be discovered of which the humor at this moment strikes a particularly responsive chord. The searcher makes this his choice, and studies it in order to find just how he can apply it to his purpose. This task will not prove difficult. In fact, the concentration required is likely to suggest ideas available for his use, so that the time thus employed will be well worth while.

CHAPTER V

TELLING A STORY

TO the speaker who would excel in after-dinner oratory, it is essential that he should be able not only to tell a good story, but also to tell it exceedingly well. Ability in this direction is an art by itself. It is true that certain persons appear to possess a natural knack as raconteurs. Here, as elsewhere, natural aptitude plays an important part. But one who feels himself lacking in a particular talent of this sort may comfort himself with the knowledge that in story-telling as in other things practise makes perfect. It is by no means necessary to be born with the knack. It can be cultivated, and a real ability developed by persistent exercise. Indeed, we may incline to a belief that the knack seemingly inherent in some persons is

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actually the result of constant practise. For an individual who is fond of story-telling is likely to be forever following his bent, and he thus assiduously exercises his skill, and increases it to the utmost possible. On the other hand, one who has never made a habit of story-telling is, of course, seriously hampered when he attempts the unfamiliar task. Yet, he may possess an excellent equipment mentally and temperamentally. Like any machine, however, it cannot operate at its best until after a certain amount of use. Any person of average ability can readily perfect himself in the art of story-telling. Intelligent practise is the only requirement.

The first necessity in relating any story is an exact understanding of its point. A blunder that we hear almost daily from someone is the omission of a detail essential to making the point clear. No story can be effective when the narrator is compelled to tack on at the end an apologetic, "Oh, I forgot to say —," or, "I should have mentioned —," or the like. Not only must

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the point of the story as it is made in the climax be exactly understood and as exactly presented, but every detail of an essential kind that precedes must be noted as well and given its place in the narration. In the story as to the feeding of the animals, for example, the point is in the two sentences exchanged by the old lady and the keeper. The precise wording is vital in this case, because of the amusing manner in which the two statements are opposed. The single feature of the preceding part that is imperative is the fact that a woman was present during the feeding of lions. The scene might be shifted to the menagerie of a circus without affecting the point of the story. But the hearers must be told that a woman witnessed the lions' meal. In this particular story, that one fact is the only significant detail. The teller might include other circumstances at his pleasure in order to extend the length of the story or perhaps to make it more amusing or more effective in a special application. Thus, he might describe the old lady as a

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country woman who had cooked through many years for a family of husky menfolks. Her personal experience with their appetites would serve to explain her conviction that the supply for the lions was stingy. It is obvious that such embellishment would not affect in any degree the point of the story.

Where a tyro in after-dinner speaking is beset by fear of confusion at the critical moment that might induce a clumsy or wrong statement of the point of the story, he should insure himself against the possibility of such a mishap by memorizing that part of the anecdote. In the tale of the lady and the lions, the two sentences of the dialogue alone suffice. With these firmly fixed in memory, the speaker knows that he cannot boggle his story. Even when the point seems a rather complicated affair, scrutiny of the story will reveal the actual essentials, which are usually few in number and easily remembered. The non-essentials, as has been pointed out, may be varied as desired. No attempt should be made to memorize these, since their precise

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form is unimportant comparatively. Moreover, the necessity for a memorization will soon pass, for after a little experience in story-telling, it will be found that the point itself is the feature by which each tale is known in the recollection.

The practice in the art should be carried on industriously until perfect ease of narration is acquired. This involves nothing more difficult than the telling of stories as frequently as possible. When a story has been selected as being really laughable, it should be examined carefully in the manner indicated above, first, in order to impress the point itself upon the memory, and, second, to determine the significant features that lead up to the point. Next, there should be an attempt at telling the story to one's self when alone, speaking it aloud as if before an audience. This practise may be repeated as often as convenience permits, until the recital is made smoothly and with certainty. But in such repetitions care should be taken not to fall into a set form of words, except perhaps

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in stating the point itself. Variations in the manner of phrasing and of the narration generally afford capital discipline for facility in speaking, which will prove very useful. Finally, the practise in this same story should be extended to trying its effect on other persons. At the outset, it will probably be advisable to experiment on a single individual. This has the advantage of being less embarrassing, and also of offering more opportunity for subsequent repetitions. After it has been told to one person, it should be told again to another, and so on until fluency is attained. Then, a second story should be used similarly; first studied, second told to one's self, third to others. And so on with yet other tales until narration is developed into an art equally agreeable to both the speaker and his listeners.

The aspirant to distinction as an after-dinner speaker must not fail to appreciate the importance to him of ability as a storyteller. He must remember what has been said heretofore concerning his duty to enter-

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tain the company he addresses. The story that really amuses an audience is the very best form of entertainment. It is one that remains with the hearer, who is able to carry away with him the pleasure he has experienced and even to pass it on to others who were not so fortunate as to be present. The veriest novice can succeed in his first appearance as a speaker if he does nothing more than tell a really good story, no matter how short. It will be enough if he simply stands up and speaks distinctly the few words of the story itself, and then sits down. If the humor is really good, there will be laughter in response, and the novice will have achieved a sufficient success in his maiden effort. I have seen this done more than once. The story being good, there needs no application of it, no explanation as to why it is told, or what bearing it has on the occasion. The single requirement is the telling of a story, provocative of laughter. The audience is all eagerness to laugh, and welcomes the opportunity, and gives its sincere approval to

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the teller of it. Of course, it is more elegant, and is expected of the trained speaker, that there should be a graceful introduction and a clever application, but nothing is expected of the novice, and, in consequence, the bare story alone perhaps astonishes and surely gratifies the listeners. The beginner should by no means disdain this simple method of first facing an audience. It is a vastly better route to success than the preparation of an elaborate address, which will probably lack pithiness and is likely to entangle him in difficulties during the delivery. Moreover, the modesty displayed in the simple telling of a short story reacts in his favor. Criticism is disarmed, which might be provoked by a more pretentious attempt.

When the beginner has experimented with a brief story related before an audience, and finds himself free from any great degree of embarrassment when speaking, he may safely undertake a short introduction to the story, carefully thought out in advance, but not memorized as to the wording. And he may

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now exercise his ingenuity in explaining **very** briefly in just what way the story may be applicable to the occasion for the feast. In these earlier efforts, brevity should be the rule. When ease and fluency are attained, the address may be lengthened slightly, along those lines to be indicated in later chapters, and made also to include a number of stories. But, as fluency and eloquence increase, constant restraint must be exercised to guard against the vice that so commonly accompanies these virtues — talking too much. That brevity is the soul of wit should be taken to heart by every after-dinner speaker.

CHAPTER VI

PREPARATION OF AN ADDRESS

IN the preparation of any address designed for an after-dinner audience, the first concern, of course, must be the selection of the particular subject to be treated, unless this shall have been already assigned to the speaker along with the request for his services. The subject, when left to the discretion of the orator for his selection, must be chosen with care, so that it shall be one in harmony with the purposes of the gathering. Definite instruction as to this feature cannot be given, since the actual circumstances in each case must be carefully considered. It can only be pointed out that the theme must be an appropriate one. Too often, indeed, the after-dinner speaker in his address suits his own convenience or desires in determining a topic, rather than the preference of his audi-

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ence. The result of such an error is necessarily unpleasant. The listeners remain listless at the best, or distinctly annoyed at the worst, and their mood reacts to the discrediting of the orator. So, at the outset, the speaker must see to it that his selection of a subject be prudently made, that the theme be one certain to enlist the sympathetic attention of his hearers, that, in short, it be pleasing to them, calculated, to entertain. Some further suggestions as to the choosing of the subject will be given in a later chapter. It is enough for the present to impress on the speaker the need of strict propriety to the occasion in making the selection.

When the topic has been selected, the next requirement has to do with the form of the discourse. It should be divided into three parts: the first, the introduction; the second, the body; the third, the conclusion. The task now is to determine the nature of the opening remarks. These should be of a graceful sort, not too serious. But care should be taken to avoid a conspicuous lack of

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dignity here, which might seem to reflect unfavorably on the importance of the gathering. The introduction may be merely a few words of agreeable compliment to the company, or a brief reference to the cause of this assembly, or both. Then should follow a statement of the subject selected for the address, and a simple straightforward explanation of why it was chosen. The speaker here merely recites tersely the reasons that influenced him to decide on the topic. Or, in this same connection, if the subject was assigned to him instead of being left to his discretion, he may summarize what he believes to be the reasons that determined the choice. All of this preliminary matter, it must be remembered, is to be very short. There must be no dawdling over the introduction. There should be only a few ideas, and these should be expressed in the most straightforward fashion possible. The phrasing should be as smooth as the speaker's ability permits, but it should be plain, rather than ornate, and there should be no juggling

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of words by which a single idea is repeated from two to half-a-dozen times.

Next, the speaker in his preparation must concentrate on the body or principal part of the address. Here, again, no specific teaching is available, since the particular circumstances of the occasion must affect the treatment vitally. It suffices to say that brevity must still remain the chief virtue. The theme may properly admit of serious treatment, or of sentimental, but the speaker must exercise a judicious restraint, else he will weary his audience. The formal designation of this part as the body of the address must not be allowed to mislead. The body, in fact, may be a very tiny one. It may be expedient to limit this portion to only a few carefully considered sentences. For it must be remembered that the aim of the speaker is to entertain, to divert, rather than to instruct or to edify. Therefore, he must contract to the utmost that part of his speech which is out of character with the main purpose. The serious note, so to speak, must

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be sounded very lightly. But, thus sounded, it serves excellently by way of contrast in preparation for the amusing sequel.

This sequel is the story, and should, most emphatically, be amusing. Technically, the story forms the conclusion of the address, following the body. But, if we were to analyze the speech according to values, the conclusion — the story — would prove to be the actual body of the discourse. Here, beyond any question, the tail wags the dog, and the better the tale, the bigger the wag.

The story itself should be introduced by a few words suggesting the manner in which it is applicable to the speaker's topic. But care is to be exercised not to reveal or even suggest the point of the story in thus introducing it. The telling of the story itself should be made as effective as possible. The narrative must be shorter or longer according to the ability of the speaker to make it humorous throughout. If he has the art to make it truly diverting sentence by sentence as he proceeds, he may expand a brief

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incident into a considerable narrative, and make the telling as a whole laughable and enjoyable. Indeed, the practise in story-telling as previously outlined has for its purpose the acquirement of such art on the part of the speaker. His ideal should be not only to tell a good story, but so to relate the story as to make its every word effective. The beginner must limit himself to essentials. But with increased proficiency in speaking and especially with developed facility in humorous expression, the speaker is free to fill out the story according to his will. The only condition imposed is that all the padding be in itself of a sort to entertain and amuse the audience. For example, in the tale of the Lady and the Lions the novice must limit his account to the essentials, in the manner already pointed out in reference to this story. But the speaker, who is sure of himself and his art, is not so restricted. He is at liberty to enlarge the narrative to any extent of which he is capable, so long as his account is of an amusing sort. He may describe the

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old lady, what she wears, her way of looking at the lions, her life at home, her years of toil in catering in the kitchen to the voracity of men. Or he may devote himself to a whimsical account of the life of a keeper, who finds among the wild beasts of the menagerie a tranquility denied him at home by wife and rolling pin. Or he may make a passing reference to the lions themselves, declaring that this animal won its proud position as king of the beasts by its ability to roar louder than any other creature, which is in line with a method of attaining greatness much in vogue also among mankind. In fine, the speaker may indulge at will his wit and humor, if these be genuine.

The outline given above is for the simplest form of an address. But the principles governing this construction are to be maintained in a more complex discourse. Thus, after the introduction in the manner already described, the body of the address may be divided up into two or more brief portions. In such case, each section should be followed by a

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conclusion, which is the funny story. The effect is, of course, to make the address more pretentious and of greater length, because a number of stories are told instead of the one. Ordinarily, this is the method to be followed. It is to be noted, however, that the serious or sentimental portions thus separated by the stories are to be held to a rigid brevity. The speaker must never forget that his highest achievement is the diverting of his audience by excellence in his array of wit and humor before them. With this consciousness always maintained, he is able to secure the best possible effect. The period that follows the laughter provoked by a story is used for a crisp statement of the graver sort, and afterward another story is presented. The alternations serve each to emphasize the effect of the other. But the note of mirth must be always dominant.

It seems fitting at this point to offer a word of advice to the speaker anent the advantages sometimes of bringing his address to an unexpectedly abrupt end. This course is ex-

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pedient when some particular story is greeted with an excessive outburst of merriment on the part of the audience. Naturally, when a number of tales are included in the speech, it is intended to arrange them in the order of comparative merit, with the best for the last. Of course, none that is without distinctly amusing qualities is to be employed, but, even so, some are sure to excite more laughter by the hearers than do others. Therefore, the speaker plans carefully so to place them as to make the various narratives increasingly effective. Nevertheless, in spite of judicious carefulness in this regard, it sometimes happens that one of the earlier stories in a series arouses most enthusiastic applause and laughter. My advice is that when such a spontaneous success is achieved, he should accept it as a direct providence, and then and there sit down. It is altogether improbable that any of the subsequent stories would make an equal or superior hit. To continue, almost inevitably, would involve an anticlimax, which is always injurious to an orator's

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prestige. It may, and doubtless will, seem a bitter hardship to the speaker to forego utterance of those other gems of sentiment and humor so artfully prepared. But, if he be wise, he will forget his pride in these to rejoice in the impression he has already created on the company. Often, some circumstance wholly unknown to the speaker may influence the situation and score for him an advantage that he could not foresee.

Out of my own experience, I am able to give a capital illustration of how chance may interfere in a speaker's behalf to gain an effect beyond his wildest hopes. I was called on to deliver an address after a fraternity banquet at the university. There had been a hotly contested foot-ball match that afternoon between the University and a rival institution in which the University won. I was aware of this fact, of course, but as the sequel will show I was by no means aware of certain vital facts relating to the victory. I had perhaps six or eight anecdotes grouped mentally when I rose to speak, with the

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necessary plausible excuses for stringing them together. Also, the arrangement of the stories had been carefully considered by me, so that each in turn should appear more meritorious than its predecessor.

There was applause enough to satisfy me for the first anecdote and for the second. I then related the third. It had to do with a christening. On the way to the church, the milk escaped from the baby's bottle, and made a frightful mess of the christening robe. The mother was in despair but there was no time to remedy the calamity. It was with shamed embarrassment that she placed her offspring in the arms of the young clergyman who officiated at the font. As a matter of fact, the curate had troubles of his own that rendered him almost, if not quite oblivious to the bedraggled condition of the infant. It was his first baptismal service, and it was all very trying to his piety, especially the holding of the babe securely within the clutch of one arm and hand as required by the ritual in order that the other hand might be

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free for dipping and sprinkling the water. He stumbled somehow through the preliminary portion of the service. Then, as he clutched the child fiercely with the one arm, he whispered to the mother:

“What name?”

She, good soul, was in an agony of discomfort over the baby’s disreputable condition. Since that occupied her thoughts to the exclusion of all else, she failed utterly to understand the whisper, and supposed that the clergyman was protesting against the deplorable untidiness of her progeny. She hurried to whisper an excuse — an explanation:

“Nozzle come off! Nozzle come off!”

“What?” demanded the puzzled curate.

And again the distracted mother whispered desperately:

“Nozzle come off! Nozzle come off!”

There was no time for further investigation. So as he dipped his fingers into the water, he spoke aloud with a sonorous fervor that filled all the place, and eke astonished all the congregation:

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"Nozzlecomeoff Snyder, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

There was a riot. I had thought on the instant, pandemonium broke loose. The air was filled with shouts and cheers. Through the din, I could make out many voices crying: "Nozzlecome off Snyder!" I sat down. I did not understand just what had happened, but whatever it was it *had* happened, and this was no time for further speechmaking. The boys were on their feet now, weaving and milling about the room. The older alumni were shaking with the laughter in their chairs and roaring approval. The yelling became rhythmic, and the burden of it was, "Nozzlecomeoff Snyder!" . . . My own name sounded with cheers. But the great pæan was, "Nozzlecomeoff Snyder!"

I had made a hit—a stupendous hit. There was not a doubt of it. The ending of my speech, to me so utterly unexpected, was a most magnificent triumph. As to the why of it, I had not the faintest idea. Then,

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presently, I saw a husky lad borne aloft on the shoulders of his fellows, who danced in serpentine to the measure of a weird chant: "Nozzlecomeoff Snyder! Nozzlecomeoff Snyder!"

Little by little, understanding dawned on my bemused wits. Pure chance had thus glorified my effort to entertain. Perhaps I sighed secretly over those excellent stories that would remain untold. But I thanked my lucky stars for the accident that had led me to make Snyder the family name of the mussed-up infant. And, though I had not known the fact, it was Snyder who, that afternoon by a tremendous run, had won the match for the university — Snyder, of our fraternity, now grinning sheepishly at me from his position on the shoulders of his fellows. . . . And the absurd nickname stuck. To his intimates, he is still Nozzlecomeoff Snyder to-day.

CHAPTER VII

MENTAL MEMORANDA

IT is important to the speaker that he should be free from any possibility of forgetting the various heads for his discourse, whether this be long or short. But he should not permit himself any dependence on written notes during the time of his appearance before an audience. He may make use of pencil and paper at will in the preparation of his remarks, but his reliance on the written word must cease when the task of preparation is ended. It is all very well for a clergyman to have recourse to written notes while speaking from the pulpit, or even to read his entire sermon, since such evidence of serious preparation for the occasion is befitting the gravity of time and place. It is quite otherwise with the speaker whose

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appearance follows the hour of feasting. Here, the atmosphere is one of good-will and jollity, and any sign of actual effort on the speaker's part stands out conspicuously in opposition to the prevailing spirit of the gathering. The moment that written memoranda are consulted, the act operates to antagonize the seeming spontaneity that should characterize the undertaking of the speaker. No matter how elaborate may have been the study privately given by him in advance to the elaboration of his remarks, to the contriving of witty sallies and humorous illustrations, there must be no trace of this serious work in the sprightliness of the finished product. The use of notes presents undeniable proofs of a laborious getting ready for the task, and completely dispels the pleasing illusion on the part of the audience as to the extemporaneous character of the speaker's eloquence.

As a matter of fact, mental notes that are thoroughly dependable are readily made. With a little practise, the employment of them becomes more convenient and simpler

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than reliance on the written memoranda. The method is, briefly, as follows:

It is a law of the mind in the operation of memory that the concrete is preferred to the abstract. There is vagueness in abstract ideas, which renders them difficult to fix and distinguish in the recollection; while the concrete object is something exact, of which the mental impression is sharply outlined. Ordinarily, the chief agent in memory is visualization. The mind fashions a picture, and this picture of the thing to be remembered is stored away, to be reproduced as demanded by recollection. The abstract idea cannot, of course, be pictured in the mind, and for that reason the memory of abstractions is difficult; but the escape from a dilemma here is easy enough. It is necessary only to substitute something concrete that shall serve as the representative of any abstraction it is required to recall at will. This device is well adapted to fulfill the requirements of the speaker in memorizing the various ideas of an address. There is always something that

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will suffice as a material symbol of an immaterial idea. Something that when recalled will inevitably bring with it ample suggestion of the desired thought. Thus, a mental picture of the Capitol at Washington would serve as a concrete memory to recall the subject of the government of the United States. The Capitol building is a definite thing, and as such capable of being pictured by the brain. The Government of the United States, on the other hand, is an abstract idea, of which no picture can be formed in the mind. But the association of ideas operates under another law of memory, so that in such an instance the concrete object, which is so intimately associated with the idea, becomes an efficient symbol of that idea, and its presence in the memory carries with it memory also of the abstraction. If the speaker has as one of the heads in his address the Government of the United States, the mental picture of the Capitol is an ample guarantee for recollection of the subject.

In the formation of the mental pictures

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necessary in this method, care must be taken to concentrate on each one. An effort must be made to shut everything else out of consciousness for a few moments, while the attention is wholly fixed on the particular concrete object to be remembered. The greater the concentration, the stronger the memory. Such concentration is, indeed, the chief factor in memory. It may be forced by outward circumstances, as where some scene of frightful peril in a person's experience is indelibly engraved in remembrance. Or the concentration may come from joyous interest, and establish a recollection almost equally permanent. But, too, the concentration should be subject to the control of the will, and it is so uniformly in the person of good memory. Any speaker who finds his ability to remember too tricky for dependence, may be sure that the fault lies in a lack of concentration. This lack must be corrected. The task is not too difficult, and the rewards make the labor involved well worth while.

In the use of the concrete symbols, their

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orderly arrangement in the memory is secured by subjecting them to the mental law concerning the association of ideas. Let us suppose, for example, that a speaker at a civic banquet wishes to refer to the thriving condition of the schools, the churches, the industries, and to the patriotic response of the city under the demands of war, along with a humorous story for the finish. He must select a concrete object as the symbol for each idea. Obviously, a school house with the children issuing gives a sufficient picture to suggest the topic of the schools, and similarly, a church and a mill properly represent the churches and the industries. The patriotic zeal of the town may be symbolized by a soldier in uniform. It should be noted that the various pictures are to be made as real as possible in the mental impression. It is here that concentration is especially important in order to obtain an exact effect. Finally, there must be the choosing of a concrete symbol that shall inevitably bring to mind the amusing anecdote. By way of example, let

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us imagine that the speaker concludes his tribute to the city by a word of appreciation or regret over the presence or absence, as the case may be, of gondolas on the artificial water in the park. His memory of this point will be adequately supplied by the mental picture of a gondola. When he reaches this place in his speech, he will by some such reference introduce his story told good-naturedly at the expense of the local board of aldermen, somewhat after this style:

When the subject of park improvements was debated, Alderman Meeks urged the purchase of a dozen gondolas to be placed in the lake. Alderman Rafferty spoke in hearty support of the project, but suggested an amendment, in the interests of economy.

“For why,” he concluded earnestly, “should we be at the expinse of buyin’ an intire dozen of gondolas? Would it not be bettther, now Oi ax ye, to buy a pair, a male an’ a female, an’ to let nature take its coorse?”

For the purposes of memorization in this instance, the speaker now has five concrete

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objects. It next becomes necessary for him to establish a memory of these in their order. It is now that he is to employ the association of ideas in connection with the mental picturing. The first topic is the schools, which is represented by the photograph in the brain of a schoolhouse with the children issuing from it. The next topic is that of the churches for which a church building stands as the symbol. These two pictures are to be brought together. With the eyes shut, there must be concentration on the schoolhouse scene and at the same time on a church standing at the right side of the school. These two buildings in conjunction must be seen distinctly. It will be found that afterward recollection of the school will bring with it recollection of the church. The appearance of either picture in the mind will involve the appearance beside it of the other. When the first two symbols have been thus paired, the symbols for the second and third topics of the speech must be similarly presented in association within the mind. The new picture shows nothing of the school,

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but the church is again present and on its right in the mental picture stands the mill, which typifies the industries of the town. Next, this mill and the soldier in uniform are joined as subjects for the brain's concentration. The last pair includes the soldier and the gondola. If such pairing of the symbols and concentration on the successive pairs is properly done, there can be no failure of the memory. Instantly, at thought of the school-house, the church also appears. As the school is shut from the picture, the mill appears to the right of the church. In like fashion, the soldier tags after the mill. When the mill vanishes, the gondola comes to accompany the man in uniform.

This system of arranging the symbols in order may be employed for any number of topics. It is necessary only first to determine the choice of a concrete object that shall clearly suggest the topic, and then, second, to concentrate on the paired symbols, in the manner indicated above, whatever may be their number.

CHAPTER VIII

AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS

LET us, for the purpose of illustrating further the principles already explained, consider the case of a speaker who has been designated to deliver an address at a banquet commemorating an important historical event. Assume that the occasion is a celebration of Columbus Day, and that to the speaker has been assigned a particular subject, for example, "Our Country." He is now to prepare an outline of his address.

In the first place, the speaker is to hold firmly in mind that his duty is to entertain, rather than to parade learning, to teach, or otherwise to edify his hearers. He may be sure, also, that other speakers of the evening will provide more than a sufficiency of serious speeches with depressing effect. He

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himself will not be guilty of the like fault. But he is confronted with a subject of high dignity, one naturally suggesting a treatment earnest and profound, a display of the noblest eloquence. Nevertheless, the speaker must deny the lure of this lofty theme, and by an effort of ingenuity so contrived that it shall serve as a pretext for the amusing discourse he meditates. The result of such resolve might be something like the following:

After addressing the presiding officer by his title for the occasion, whatever it may be, and the company, the speaker may proceed:

“I had prepared some weighty reflections on ‘Our Country’ — without meaning any reflections on our country. But most of the things I had meant to say have already been said by the speakers before me, or soon will be by the others to follow, I suspect. I have, however, one quite important thought left to me, which I shall now mention. It has to do with the very interesting fact that eggs is, or maybe are, eggs. Yet, what a difference! For, as everybody knows, eggs are either good

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or bad. On rare occasions, they are better; usually, they are worse. But, while this truth is familiar to all, most persons fail to appreciate eggs in their higher aspects. It is my purpose to show how eggs may be significant historically. I propose to offer an egg as a symbol to indicate the greatness of our country in its humor. Its value thus is emphasized by contrast with the egg of Columbus. Columbus, when no other could balance the egg on its small end, achieved success by smashing the shell into a flat base. At once, the egg became famous. It appears throughout subsequent history as an illustration of smashing efficiency. I desire to offer as a rival for its fame another egg, an American egg, a humorous egg. There was nothing funny about Columbus and his egg, but Bill Nye's egg was the very dickens.

“First of all, we must note the fact that Nye's egg wasn't really an egg: it was his head. Everybody knows that the great humorist was bald. Not only so, he was bald as an egg. People told him so, and, anyhow,

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he knew it himself. The baldness on the outside of his head preyed on the inside of it, and to be rid of that trouble he concocted a story, probably on the theory that open confession soothes grief. The tale was to this effect:

“Once, in the midst of an African desert, Bill Nye was captured by horrible savages. They were not Cannibals, or, if so, they were finicky about bald humorist, who probably would make tough eating. Anyhow, they did not wound or slay their victim: they merely buried him in the sand to the neck, and left him alone with his thoughts.

“For two days, that hapless bald pate cooked under the torrid rays of the African sun. The contents became addled which perhaps was just as well in view of the event that next occurred.

“A female ostrich came out of the horizon, and since there was nothing else to see she at once espied the glistening cranium showing above the sand. She galloped toward it joyously, thrilled by a maternal instinct. ‘My

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long-lost egg!' she clucked. She sprinted, she arrived, she squatted — in fact, she set herself to set. The man was powerless to resist the mistaken efforts of the motherly creature. His position was humiliating, but the shade was welcome.

"I am not just certain concerning the period of incubation for ostrich eggs. But, whatever that period may be, we may believe that this faithful bird observed it scrupulously. At due intervals, under the impulse of that wonderful force called instinct, she stood up and clawed industriously at the bald head, to insure an even development of the chick. When, at last, the time limit was reached, the ostrich, with motherly eagerness, scratched and pecked at the hairless skull in a manner truly unpleasant. But Nye concentrated all his remaining energies in a desperate resistance, and refused to hatch.

"The humorist concluded the narrative abruptly by declaring:

"'And from that day to this I have never dared to look a hen in the face!'"

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Now, undeniably, this brief form of address contains nothing save the veriest nonsense. But such nonsense, uttered with a certain whimsicality of manner, is well calculated to afford highly appreciated relief to an audience a trifle wearied by more learned and weightier discourses. The effect will be that the speaker is remembered with pleasure as one who contributed genuine entertainment to the occasion. In fine, the effect will be to enhance the speaker's reputation in the way he most desires, as that of one who has the ability to speak lightly, gracefully and amusingly on any subject, before any gathering.

CHAPTER IX

ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES

IT has already been made sufficiently clear that the chief aim of the after-dinner speaker should be to entertain the company, and that such entertainment should find its main reliance in the wit and humor of the address. This fact must never be lost sight of. The speaker is constantly in danger of being too serious in his remarks. Often, the occasion itself is such as to encourage the parade of heavy utterances by the orator. This is especially the case on anniversaries, or whenever an historical interest is attached to the occasion. The tendency then is to discourse at length on the particular event commemorated, to discuss the significance of it, and to draw from it such lessons as it may offer. But this tendency should be resisted

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by the speaker who desires to attain a reputation for particular ability in the art of after-dinner oratory. There are always those who exploit the serious phases of any occasion, and indeed they are so numerous as often to make tedious the gatherings at which they are present. In consequence, the speaker in lighter vein readily achieves a very real distinction, an honorable fame for the unfailing merit of his addresses. It is recommended, therefore, that the humorous contents of the speech be the deep concern always in its preparation. This by no means forbids the most graceful eloquence, or the presentation of the most brilliant thoughts of the graver sort, but it insists that the entertaining quality which provokes smiles and laughter be the principal feature in every instance. Thus, on an anniversary, the speaker may properly briefly sketch the event commemorated, and make clear some aspect of its meaning. When a person is the principal speaker, it becomes fitting that he should give a larger attention to this serious portion of the speech. Dis-

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cretion in this regard must be employed, according to the particular circumstances. Even so, however, the wit and humor are by no means to be neglected. Yet, the after-dinner speech, it must be remembered, is in a class by itself. In considering it, we should not be led astray by confounding it with the graver forms of oratory. Sometimes, it is true, the two varieties of speech-making must be intermingled in a single address as in the case to which reference has just been made. Nevertheless, the after-dinner speaker must resolutely resist the temptation to become oratorical in the heavier sense of the word. Nor must he belittle the honor to be attained in his own field. He can be entertaining with no loss of dignity, and by his skill he may win an enviable reputation, of which any man might well be proud. Moreover, he may find a very real happiness in the consciousness that his efforts give happiness to others. To please and divert a body of hearers and to send them away with enduring memories of enjoyment is surely no ignoble task. It con-

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trasts to great advantage against the weariness engendered by many a graver orator.

Always, the preparation by the speaker must devise some ingenious expedient for the introduction of the story or stories. He must contrive to emphasize an aspect of his subject that may be logically related to the anecdote. This matter of the application is, in fact, his justification for the entertaining narrative. It requires, sometimes, careful consideration to discover in just what manner a preferred story may be related to a certain subject, with which it has no apparent connection. But practise in this regard will develop speedily a fair degree of facility, and this, in turn, will grow into a resourcefulness by which the speaker becomes competent to take any good story and adapt it to the exigencies of any subject as required. Thus, the use of the name Snyder made the anecdote of a christening hilariously applicable to the circumstances of a football triumph, though pure chance here did the work of adaptation.

Of course, there are often stories that of

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themselves are suitable especially to certain occasions, so that no ingenuity is required in establishing their appropriateness. The following are examples of anecdotes in which the applicability is obvious.

The first illustration has to do with a speech made after a Christmas Dinner. It should be noted here that the hour following the feast is not the time for the expression of lofty thoughts. It may be assumed that the religious character of the season has been given due attention elsewhere. It is now the period for genial social enjoyment, and only a very few words, if any, should be spoken in serious mood. But, by way of introducing a particularly appropriate story, short reference may be made to the significance of the giving of gifts in celebrating this great feast day of the church and to the kindly myth of Santa Claus. This serves directly to justify the illustrative story, which may be indicated as follows, although it should be elaborated in the telling according to the ability of the speaker to make it amusing throughout:

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A little boy returned home with a black eye. In response to the solicitous questioning of his mother, he admitted that he had had a fight with one of his fellows, whom he had thrashed. He explained that the disagreement had had its origin in the fact that the other boy denied the existence of Santa Claus.

The mother reflected that perhaps her son had now reached an age when one of the tender illusions of childhood must speedily be shattered rudely by others, if not gently by herself. So, she took the little fellow on her lap, and revealed to him the fact that the good old saint was indeed no more than a creation of kindly fancy. The boy listened in silence, and it was still without a word of comment that he got down from his mother's lap, and went to the door. But, in the doorway, he turned with a question:

"Say, ma! have you been foolin' me all this time about the devil, too?"

Similarly, on Washington's Birthday any story that has to do with lying is applicable

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by reason of George's record for truth telling in the episode of the cherry tree. Indeed, always, applicability is obvious concerning opposites, just as here there is the relationship between lying and truth telling. But, as will be found on reading, this story from its point is particularly pertinent.

One of the visitors to a home for colored orphan children observed one of the pickaninies neatly trussed to a bed-post. Somewhat indignant at the form of punishment, she inquired of an attendant concerning the offense committed by the culprit.

"He's been lyin', ma'am," was the explanation. "He's always a-lyin'. He shore is the very worstest, lyin'est nigger I ever did see."

"What's his name?" the visitor demanded. And the attendant answered:

"George Washington, ma'am."

It is not advantageous to multiply examples in regard to stories where the point is plainly related to the subject matter of the address. But illustrations of the manner in which a

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story may be related to a subject with which, at first glance, it has apparently nothing to do, are well worth further attention of the part of the speaker, since they will serve in some measure to stimulate his own ingenuity. Such illustrations by means of various stories and of suggestions as to their possible application will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X

THE APPLICATION OF STORIES

WHILE a perfectly satisfactory effect may be secured by the employment of a story in which the point quite obviously applies to the subject matter of the address, it is a fact that oftentimes a special hit may be scored through the ingenious adaptation of an anecdote to some matter with which, seemingly at first, it is totally unrelated. The wise speaker selects a story, one that in itself is the very best possible. He bases his choice solely on the merit of the tale as one sure to delight his audience. He is then confronted with the further task of reconciling the story to his subject matter. In doing this, he must discover some method by which the narrative may be made logically appropriate in illustration of his thought.

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And just here comes a curious and gratifying reward of labor. For oftentimes, even usually, in questing for a rational excuse in the joining of tale and theme, his thoughts will be stirred to an activity out of which issue ideas interesting and valuable. It is in this wise that he may gain much material of a cleverly whimsical sort, of which otherwise he would never have thought. The seeking to justify a purely artificial relation begets products that are very frequently astonishing and amusing. Humor itself is many times merely a form of the grotesque. The juxtaposition of things not naturally thus associated in the mind is often the cause of laughter. For that matter, the orderly and logical mind is not likely to display great humorous ability. A lack of soundness in the mental processes may manifest in madness, or in — humor of the grotesque sort. For example, the ordinary man of sound mind does not naturally think of practising a thing and of not practising it in a single action. The contradiction is so opposed to good sense

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that the thought does not even enter his mind. But not so of the humorist. The absurd, the impossible, is spontaneous in his brain. Mark Twain wrote in an autograph album: "Never tell a lie." At the end of the sentence, he placed a star. At the bottom of the page, the star was repeated for a foot-note, which read: "Except for practise." Here is a crazy contradiction that is very laughable. But a really logical brain could never conceive the like. Even more extravagant was the declaration of a mad gentleman of Verona. This lunatic was harmless, and was permitted to wander at will. On one occasion, he paid a visit to a resident of the city, to whom he explained that he was the angel Michael. A year later, he called at the same house a second time. He now explained to his host that he was the angel Gabriel. The host ventured a remonstrance:

"But you told me last year that you were the angel Michael, and now you say that you are the angel Gabriel. How do you explain that? You can't be both of them!"

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“Oh, yes, I am,” the madman cheerfully replied, without the slightest trace of hesitation. “But by different mothers.”

As he experiments with the establishment of artificial relation between tale and text, the speaker will constantly find ideas of a more or less absurd or whimsical character presented for his consideration, and out of the mass he will be able to avail himself of thoughts that will help to establish his reputation for cleverness.

Let us, then, consider somewhat carefully a few stories of which the natural application is obvious, with a view of discovering other ways in which its significance may be made available.

There is an amusing story of an Irishman and a ghost. Pat was making his way through a wood at night, when he suddenly felt a draft of cold air, and, on looking up, saw before him a ghost. The spectre showed every evidence of amiability, for he was nodding and grinning in the most pleasant and sociable manner imaginable. The man, however, re-

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fused to be bamboozled by any overtures from a source so ghastly. He turned and fled down the path at top speed. He went rushing onward until his breath came only in strangling gasps. Yet, a horrified glance over his shoulder showed the ghost floating easily alongside, still nodding and grinning with an air of dreadful jollity. At last, Pat, utterly spent, dropped on a log by the path, and sat sweating and panting, in a tremor of mingled fatigue and terror. And presently he looked up, to see the ghost sitting on the other end of the log. The uncanny apparition continued bobbing its gruesome head and mowing with the utmost good nature. And now words issued from the phantom, a sibilant whisper that echoed coldly in the Irishman's heart.

"That was a fine run we had," said the ghost.

"Yis, sorr," Pat agreed, in a trembling voice. "And as soon as I catch me brith, we'll have another!"

Now, here is a story that is obviously con-

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cerning a ghost, and it might be appropriately told by a frivolous speaker at a banquet of the Society for Physical Research, if that grave body of inquisitors ever indulges in such a material pastime as feasting. But such obvious applicability of the story is by no means the limit of its possible usefulness. On the contrary, its very obviousness in this direction detracts somewhat from its merit. It becomes more effective when applied to a subject not so directly implied by the situation. It might be used advantageously to illustrate the quality of persistence, or the courage for repeated effort in the face of trial and failure. So, too, it might serve to emphasize moral bravery as opposed to physical cowardice. But it would give an excellent flavor if introduced in a talk on forestry. The speaker might then air his learning by some remarks as to religious antiquities, such as the tree-worship of ancient races and the classical spirits of the wood, dryad and hamadryad and their various relatives and so lead to the weird spell exercised by sylvan

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shades. He might cite the fact that a boy whistles to keep his spirits up when passing a graveyard at night or when going through the woods, and for the same reason in each case. At this point, the speaker will have sufficiently established a relation between the forest and ghosts, and his story will seem entirely appropriate.

The like method is to be employed in every case.

A New England couple celebrated their diamond wedding. They were not only very old; they were also very healthy. To one of the guests at the celebration who was exclaiming over the old lady's rosy cheeks and brisk movements the ancient bride declared proudly:

"Amos and me are mighty peart. There ain't nothin' much ever troubled Amos, 'cept a spell of rheumatiz last winter. And I ain't had a sick day for more'n fifty years — 'cept one day arter Amos done dosin' with what the Doctor give him, an' I took what was left in the bottle, to save it."

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The obvious application of this story is to the subject of thrift, since the old woman has no earthly need of medicine, but feels it her duty to avoid any waste of something bought and paid for. Probably she felt a certain satisfaction even in being sick, since thus she got something for her money. But the application of the story might be extended to subjects wholly unrelated with thrift. It could be used to illustrate the popular fondness for patent medicines. It would entertain at a dinner of the Druggists Association. It equally would amuse the medical fraternity. Moreover, by emphasizing various phases of the story, it might be told with effect on almost any occasion. A few words as to the preciousness of diamonds and the rarity of diamond jubilees would provide an adequate introduction at a dinner of the Jewellers' Society. Of course, it could easily be adapted to a wedding feast or any wedding anniversary.

Another story of thrift as the ruling passion even in the face of death may be cited.

A New England wife, who had attained

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local celebrity for the immaculateness of her housekeeping regarded her husband with stern disapproval. The old man was aged and suffering acutely. The physician had announced that the illness must terminate fatally. The man rolled and tossed in a vain effort to find relief from pain. It was this activity on his part that excited the wife's disapprobation. She addressed him presently in a voice of cold authority:

“John Henry, you needn't kick and squirm so, an' wear them best sheets out, even if you be a-dyin'!”

Here, again, no limitation as to the possible usefulness of the story is imposed by its direct applicability. By a necessary touch here or there in the narrative, it may be made suitable to a great number of occasions. It could illustrate the sternness of the Puritan character, and be given appropriately after a Plymouth Rock dinner. Or it could be quoted to drygoods dealers. It might even be applied in illustration of any ruling passion, or stern adherence to duty at the cost of

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tenderness in the very face of death. It might well rejoice a bachelor's club or a house-keeper's league. Probably, it would be relished by the Amalgamated Undertakers. And so, and so on. The possibilities are by no means exhausted.

The stories given above are short, yet the manner in which their application may be varied has been clearly shown. The capacity for adaptation is increased in longer narratives, since these afford an opportunity to include any desired reference in the setting by which it may be made harmonious to the needs of the occasion.

A certain gentleman was one of a party of visitors to a lunatic asylum. He was much impressed by many features of the institution, but particularly by the seeming sanity exhibited by most of the inmates. One patient especially attracted his favorable regard. In a conversation of some length, the unfortunate man showed an intelligence much above the average, and there was nothing in speech or manner to suggest a mind deranged. The

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visitor and the maniac walked about the building together, and at last the inmate became confidential in response to the sympathetic attention of his listener. Explained that the avarice of relatives had been the actual cause of his incarceration in this institution for the insane. He had detected the plot against him, and in order to oppose it he had secretly converted a large amount of securities into banknotes and gold, with the idea of thus possessing funds in case his property should be tied up by legal proceedings against him. Secretly, at dead of night, he buried this sum of money in a secluded spot known only to himself. Then, unfortunately, the unexpectedly swift action of his enemies brought his plans of defense to naught. He was seized and shut up in the lunatic asylum, and as yet he had been unable to make use of the money hidden by him. He now proposed to the visitor that the latter should aid him in his extremity. He offered to give full directions for finding the buried treasure, with a further offer of one-half the amount as a

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gift, provided the other half should be devoted to obtaining his release from confinement.

The visitor was skeptical as to the truth of the story, but he maintained an air of credulity to avoid any danger of exciting the lunatic unduly. He listened sympathetically, and finally, in response to the other's urging, agreed to act in his behalf. He accepted the proffered gift of half the money, and solemnly promised to employ the remainder toward securing the freedom of its owner. The lunatic then gave explicit instructions for finding the spot where the money had been buried. The visitor vowed to lose no time in retrieving the treasure and in applying it to the proposed project.

As the two men walked on together, the crazed one was insistent that the other should not forget his promise, and the visitor reiterated his assurances that he would not fail.

Presently, the party of guests assembled on the veranda, about to take their departure. The man who had promised to seek the hidden funds was standing at the head of the high

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steps leading to the driveway, when the lunatic again approached, sidling up to him stealthily, in a manner at once crafty and suspicious.

"You won't forget?" he whispered threateningly.

"No, no, certainly not," the visitor declared hastily, with nervous emphasis.

"You're sure? You won't forget?" the crazy man demanded again.

"I won't forget," was the earnest reply soothingly spoken.

The visitor turned to descend the steps. On the instant, he received a kick that sent him tumbling to sprawl on the gravel of the driveway.

"What on earth did you do that for?" he cried out wrathfully as he scrambled to his feet.

The maniac grinned down in high glee from his place at the head of the steps.

"That," he exclaimed crisply, "is in case you forget!"

In an instance such as this, the narrative

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is of a sort to permit elaboration of details to any desired extent. Such elaboration may be so directed as to make the story applicable to a chosen theme, whatever that theme may be. The very fact that the tale has no distinctively obvious quality as did the anecdotes of thrift given above, affords it a character of an elastic sort, bendable as desired. Thus it might be twisted to apply as an illustration to the subject of etiquette, for it is a rule of propriety in visiting an insane asylum to humor the patients, never to antagonize them. But it illustrates also the necessity for discretion, even of caution, in our acts of politeness or kindness, lest we receive a kick. And the story is easily related to such subjects as state institutions in general, the duties of official visitors, the vagaries of crazed persons, the lure of buried treasure, the laws concerning the confinement of the mentally diseased. By making the visitor really believe the lunatic's yarn, the way is opened to various other applications, concerning such matters as credulousness,

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avarice, rewards and punishments, high hopes and bitter disillusion. Other adaptations might be effected by changes in the setting of the narrative. By locating the asylum in a particular place, it becomes suited to any gathering in the region adjacent. By distinguishing the visitor as a plumber or a master mason, a relationship is established that fits it for the assembly of either plumbers or masons. And, here again, the list of possible applications is not exhausted. Rather, the illustrations are intended only as suggestions of the manner in which the usefulness of certain story may be varied. The actual scope of such variation is limited only by the seeker's ingenuity.

It seems well to give the speaker a few words of advice concerning the choice of his stories. It may surprise him to be told that it is usually more expedient to choose the old tale rather than the new. The reasons for this are twofold. In the first place, the new story travels the rounds with a celerity truly amazing. Means of communication are

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so multiplied in the modern community, and social intercourse is so constant that the latest humorous anecdote is speedily made known to almost every one. Therefore, if the speaker put his reliance on the story of the moment, he is likely to have it fall flat. The audience has already laughed itself weary of this particular jest. In the second place, the antiquated narrative has been dead and buried so long that on its resurrection it is recognizable by few, if any hearers. As a matter of fact, certain essentially amusing situations are forever cropping up in our humorous narratives. The characters involved and the setting of dialogue or action are varied to meet the requirements of contemporary entertainment, but the substance of the plot remains the same. It has been sarcastically declared that all jokes may be traced to three originals, though constantly paraded under multitudinous disguises. It is not true, nor would it be true if the number were set at three hundred. But the exaggeration itself serves to impress on us an appreciation of the

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fact. The real identity of a humorous incident survives through countless changes of appearance. To a careful student of humor, a story is rarely, if ever, quite new. At the best, it is merely a new dressing for an old point. And since the special form of the tale serves only as the vehicle for its humor, the old story is fully the equal of the new in its amusing quality, and there is more likelihood that the ancient garb will appear strange to to-day's audience. I remember one story that pleased me mightily when I was a boy. I found it in the humorous department of a standard magazine, of which there were bound files in the library of my home. The issue of the magazine was under date of the early sixties. I have repeatedly told that story, with unflinching success; it seemed always agreeably new to the audience. But about ten years ago I decided to tell this anecdote no more for a long time. The reason was that in a new number of the same magazine I found the story repeated almost word for word in the humorous department, just as

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half a century earlier. And the magazine still has a large vogue. I knew that this republication would place the story before so many readers as to render it unsatisfactory for my purposes. But by and by I shall use it again.

Often, too, there is a wholesome simplicity in the primitive narrative that may well cause preference of it over later, more sophisticated versions. For example, at a wedding breakfast I would not care to relate some of the newest anecdotes dealing with the marriage relation. There is a suggestion of decadence in them that might be deemed offensive on such an occasion, and quite properly so deemed. But I would not hesitate to relate the dialogue between the two soldiers on the eve of battle:

Jack and Jim, as they lay on their blankets looking up at the stars, were moved to solemn thoughts before the dread possibilities of the morrow. At last, after a long silence Jim questioned his comrade.

“Jack, how did it come about that you decided to go to war?”

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Jack pondered for a little, and then gave a straightforward explanation.

"Well, you see, I was always fond of rows and ructions and all kinds of fighting and such, and I wa'n't married, and so I come." Then, after an interval, he propounded the question in his turn:

"Jim, how's happen you decided to go to war?"

Jim swallowed a few times and presently spoke in a level, rather tired voice.

"Well, Jack, you see as how it was like this. I never did like rows and ruction and fighting and such like, and I was married, and I loved peace and quietness, and I had a wife and eight children, and so I come!"

Similarly, too, I should have no scruples in relating before the bridal pair an anecdote of Grandpa Doolittle. He was a good man, a substantial farmer and a deacon in the church in the early days of Vermont. But some busy bodies of his own generation had been heard to allege that the poor man was hen-pecked. One evening, a little Hiram Doo-

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little, the old man's grandson, broke off the study of his lessons to ask a question.

"Oh, gran'pa, what great war began in 1812?"

The old deacon mused for a few moments, then suddenly straightened and answered with unaccustomed vigor:

"1812 — 1812? Why, that's the year I married your grandma!"

And at the same marriage feast, I might venture to tell of the self-assertive husband, who, had been chased from cellar to garret and back to the family bed-room by his very high-spirited wife plying a broom. The unfortunate man sought refuge by crawling under the bed. As the wife prodded at him with the broom-handle she vociferated shrilly:

"William Henry Peck, you come out from under that bed."

But William Henry, while he fended the broomstick from his ribs as best he could with his hands, announced in muffled, but firm accents:

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“I won’t come out, Mariah! I will be master in my own house!”

It is suggested to the speaker that he should exercise great caution in repeating any particular story. It is advisable for him to make a practise of using an anecdote once, and once only in his public addresses. He may assume that the stories he tells are quoted by those who hear them, that they even find their way into the public press. In short, by his use of them, he places them in the category of new stories, and the warning given above against the employment of these applies henceforth. More than one speaker has attained an unenviable notoriety by injudicious repetitions of a favorite story. There is no excuse for such folly, since the supply of material is practically inexhaustible. Whenever repetitions are made they should be separated by long intervals of time, preferably of years.

CHAPTER XI

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

IN the old days, it was the custom to drink deeply after dinner in the baronial hall, and the custom of that convivial period established an etiquette that was aped in more modest establishments — an etiquette, indeed, that has in some features survived to our own time. This is especially true in the matter of toasts. The drinking bout was recognized as an occasion for jollity. But there is no gaiety in a bibulousness which is silent. So, minstrels tuned harps and voices for the entertainment of the revelers, and tales were told, and many bumpers drained to the honor of gods and men and gallant deeds. Thus, the practise of offering toasts was developed. The social aspect of the custom gave it the strength through which it became almost universal among civilized men, through

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which it survives to some extent even among those who resist the lure of wine. This anomaly is truly like the play of "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out, but the sentiment of prohibition, while rejecting liquor, will retain its most graceful feature, the offering of toasts.

In giving a toast, the speaker simply names some person or thing as a subject to be honored by the company in a draft of wine. The plainest form for the toast is, of course, the mere naming of the person or thing to receive the tribute of the ceremony. From this point of simplicity, the speaker may extend his remarks in any manner he chooses. He may pay a compliment, either ingenious or sincere or both, to the subject of his toast or he may deliver a considerable eulogy, or he may discuss particularly any phase of the subject that appeals to him. Usually, it is better to reserve actual naming of the subject for the conclusion of the remarks. And to the designation thus at the end, there may be added a sentiment, a phrase briefly summing up the virtues of the theme. For example,

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in offering as a toast the word "Home," a favorite sentiment has been, "the father's kingdom, the child's paradise, the mother's world."

This quotation brings us to a consideration of what is most expedient in the matter of sentiments to be used in the offering of toasts. The toast itself presents no difficulty. It is no more and no less than the naming of any subject it proposed to honor. But in the matter of the sentiment there is more difficulty, since it should be made distinctive, yet within the restrictions of the best taste. The custom has been in the past to formulate sentiments of a rhetorical sort, ornate, flamboyant. For all patriotic toasts, the spread-eagle character was in high favor. The effort generally was toward something high-sounding or ostentatiously clever. To-day, our taste is rather for simplicity in both the thought and the form of the sentiment. In this respect, just as with oratory in all its other phases, the tendency is toward directness of thought and plainness of expression. So, it is

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advisable for the speaker to meet the mood of the hour by scrupulous avoidance of meretricious adornment of artificial. It is far better to make the sentiment the expression of a simple and sincere feeling, expressed in the fewest possible words, and these words of a sort understandable by all. His best method is to carefully think out the particular thought to be emphasized, and then to give it a phrasing of his own, direct and explicit. He must sedulously resist any temptation toward grandiloquence in his statement. The sentiment should ring true, if it is to be effective. It is, therefore, necessary that it should be the expression of a real feeling, a sincere tribute. Such sincerity is most convincing in the plainest garb of words. Ornament is likely to obscure its genuine quality.

The sentiment may often be given to advantage in the form of a quotation. Poems offer the best opportunity for admirable selections. It is for this reason that a compilation of quotations in verse is included in the present volume. The choice of these

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selections has been carefully made with a view to their practical usefulness for a great variety of occasions. Preference has been given to those poets in our language whose work is most generally known and esteemed. There are two causes sufficient to justify such preference for those authors long and widely celebrated to others whose vogue is of the moment and, perhaps usually, merely transitory. Such poets as Byron and Burns are universally known and esteemed. Hardly an audience anywhere but would have at least some smatterings of knowledge concerning their works. The case would be quite otherwise in the average company were the poet quoted to be one who had achieved the latest eccentricity in free verse. Even his or her name would be unknown, and the effusion itself would be utterly unintelligible. It is important to remember that an audience does not relish being confounded by its own ignorance through the tactlessness of a speaker. For this reason, a distinct advantage is secured by employing a quotation from an

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author who is at least theoretically familiar to the listeners. They complacently accept the verses of Longfellow, whose poetry was memorized by them in the district school, while they might, and probably would, resent the strange cadences of a writer whose name even was wholly strange in their ears.

The second reason for the preference given to the poets of highest repute is found in the fact that uniformly their mode of expression is gratifyingly direct and lucid. It must be remembered that the speaker recites the quotation to the audience just once. He is not delivering a lecture on the poet; he does not analyze the verses phrase by phrase in order to explain their exact significance. The single repetition of the words is the only opportunity afforded for the conveyance of the poet's thought. This condition has been carefully considered throughout in determining those quotations best adapted to the speaker's purposes. This involves no denial of the merits possessed by the many poets rejected in the preparation of the list. Their

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virtues, indeed, are many; oftentimes, from the strictly poetical standpoint, far superior to those represented here. Their fault, so far as the speaker's need is concerned, is that they are more difficult to understand. The speaker has to consider the availability of a quotation by the responsiveness to it of his audience. A beauty hidden is no beauty to the observer; the beautiful thought is a futile thing if it be unintelligible.

For the greater convenience of the speaker, the list of quotations is presented under topical headings. These headings are arranged topical headings. These headings are arranged in alphabetical order, so that the entire list is self-indexed. The headings themselves constitute a body of toasts suitable for a great variety of occasions, and in each instance the particular heading is followed by one or more quotations of poetry suitable for use as a sentiment in connection with the toast.

The speaker should bear in mind that often it may be preferable to limit the sentiment to

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a single line, or even phrase, of a stanza, instead of offering the whole quotation. Moreover, he need have no hesitation in paraphrasing any thought of the poet that makes a special appeal to him. Thus, he may find in the list a stimulant to his own fancy that will enable him to formulate the sentiment in his own words. Used in the manner indicated, the list of quotations will, it is hoped, prove very serviceable to the speaker in the task of preparation.

Toasts and Sentiments

Toasts and Sentiments

AMERICA

ALL WITH THEE

OUR hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee. are all with thee.

— LOWELL



A UNITY

ONE flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore!

— HOLMES

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BREATHES THERE A MAN

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned.

From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

— SCOTT



COUNTRY AND FLAG

To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, come what may,
The stars and stripes forever!

— DECATUR

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

MY NATIVE LAND

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome — foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

— MORRIS



OUR COUNTRY

Our Country, may she always be in the right —
but right or wrong — Our Country.

— DECATUR



WHERE THE HEART IS

Our country is that spot to which our heart is
bound.

— VOLTAIRE

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

BEER

INTO THE CAN

WHO'D care to be a bee and sip
Sweet honey from a flower's lip
When he might be a fly and steer
Head first into a can of beer?

— ANON.



THE REMEDY OF GRIEF

SUCH power hath beer. The heart where Grief
hath cankered
Hath one unfailing remedy — the tankard.

— SAXE

BRANDY

THE LIAR

IF wine tells truth, and so have said the wise;
It makes me laugh to think how brandy lies.

— HOLMES

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

CONTENTMENT

GIRL AND FRIEND AND PITCHER

THE wealthy fool with gold in store
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me but these, I ask no more —
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

*My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such, what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.*

From morning sun, I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger, or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

*My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such, what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.*

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

Tho' Fortune ever shuns my door —

I do not know what can bewitch her —

With all my heart can I be poor,

With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,

With such, what mortal can be richer?

Give me but these, a fig for care,

With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

— ANON.



SAMBO'S TOAST

LITTLE ter-day an' little ter-morrer,

Out o' meal an' bound ter borrer;

Hoe cake an' dab o' dough,

Dash her down and say no mo'.

Peace at home and pleasure abroad,

Please your neighbor an' sarve the Lord.

God bless you!

— ANON.



THE LITTLE NEEDS

A LITTLE health, a little wealth,

A little house and freedom,

With some few friends for certain ends,

But little cause to need 'em.

— ANON.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

DEATH

DEAD ALL OVER

WHILE we live, let's live in clover,
For when we're dead, we're dead all over.

— ANON.

DINING

THE ONE ESSENTIAL

WE may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without
heart,
We may live without friends; we may live without
books;
But civilized men cannot live without cooks.
We may live without books, —
What is knowledge but grieving.
We may live without hope, — what is hope but
deceiving.
We may live without love, — what is passion but
pining;
But where is the man who can live without dining?

— MEREDITH

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

DRINKING

THE OLD CONVIVIAL GLOW

I FEEL the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er me
stealing —

The warm, champagne, old particular, brandy-
punchy feeling.

— HOLMES

FRIENDSHIP

GOOD FELLOWS

A GLASS is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

— O'KEEFE



HERE'S TO THOSE

HERE'S to those I love;
Here's to those who love me;
Here's to those who love those I love,
And here's to those who love those who love me.

— ANON.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

MOST PRIZED

OLD books, old wine, old nankin blue —
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace, that time makes strong,
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best.

— DOBSON



THE FOUR BLESSINGS

OH! Be thou blest with that heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure — and a
friend.

— POPE



THE FOUR HINGES

HERE's to the four hinges of Friendship,
Swearing, Lying, Stealing and Drinking.
When you swear, swear by your country;
When you lie, lie for a pretty woman;
When you steal, steal away from bad company;
And when you drink, drink with me.

— ANON.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

THE LOVING CUP

AND let the Loving-Cup go round,
The cup with blessed memories crowned,
That flows when e'er we meet — my boys.
No draught will hold a drop of sin,
If love is only well stirred in
To keep it sound and sweet — my boys.
To keep it sound and sweet.

— HOLMES

GIRLS

PRETTIEST LAST

You may run the whole gamut of color and shade
A pretty girl — however you dress her —
Is the prettiest thing that ever was made,
And the last one is always the prettiest,
Bless her!

— ANON.

GOODNESS

ONE GRAND SWEET SONG

BE good, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And thus make life, death and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

— ANON.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

HAPPINESS

A TWIN

ALL who joy would win
Must share it: — Happiness was born a twin.

— BYRON

HOME

THE WORLD OF LOVE

A WORLD of strife shut out, and a world of love
shut in.

— ANON.

IN MEMORIAM

TO THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED

OH! here's to other meetings
And other greetings then,
And here's to those we've drunk with,
But never can again.

— ANON.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

KISSES

AND AGAIN!

GIVE me kisses! Nay, 'tis true
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe,
I can pay you back, you know.
Kiss me, then
Every moment and again.

— SAXE



NEGLECT

How should great Jove himself do else than this
To win the woman he forgets to kiss.

— PATMORE



NO, NEVER!

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look at me
I ne'er found nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.

— SHERIDAN

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

PROPINQUITY

'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that when we are far from the lips that we
love

We've but to make love to the lips that are near.

— MOORE



SWEETER BY FAR

You will find, my dear boy, that the dearly prized
kiss,

Which with rapture you snatched from the half-
willing Miss,

Is sweeter by far than the legalized kisses

You give the same girl when you've made her
a Mrs.

— ANON.



SWEETEST MEMORIAL

WHEN age chills the blood, when our pleasures
are past —

When years fleet away with the wings of the
dove —

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

— BYRON



THE REMEDY

NEVER a lip is curved in pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again.

— HARTE

LAUGHTER

COFFIN-NAILS

CARE to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

— WOLCOTT



LAUGH AND BE FAT

LAUGH and be fat, sir, your penance is known;
They that love mirth let them heartily drink
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.

— JOHNSON

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

LAUGH AT ALL

LAUGH at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing,
Who the devil cares for more?

— BYRON

LIQUOR

ALLY OF GENIUS

LET schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar and nonsense and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain
Gives genius a better discerning.

— GOLDSMITH

LONG LIFE

PARADOX

HERE's that we may live to eat the hen
That scratches on our grave.

— ANON.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

LOVE

BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST
I HOLD it true, what'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

— TENNYSON



IF —!

HERE's to those who'd love us
If we only cared.
Here's to those we'd love
If we only dared.

— ANON.



HIS OWN

HERE's to the man who loves his wife,
And loves his wife alone.
For many a man loves another man's wife,
When he ought to be loving his own.

— ANON.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

LOVE LAUGHS AT LAW

O, RANK is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law,
Beyond its own sweet will.

— WHITTIER



TIME WASTED

THE cup that is longest untasted
May be with our bliss running o'er,
And, love when we will, we have wasted
An age in not loving before.

— WILLIS



TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change from thine.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

— JOHNSON



TO-DAY

TIME is short, life is short,
Life is sweet, love is sweet, use to-day while you
may;
Love is sweet, and to-morrow may fail;
Love is sweet, use to-day.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



TO EACH, A MATE

To every lovely lady bright,
I wish a gallant faithful knight;
To every faithful lover, too
I wish a trusting lady true.

— SCOTT

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

TO THEE

HERE'S a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.
Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

— BYRON



UNREQUITED LOVE

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain,
Is to love, but love in vain.

— COWLEY



WHEN HEAVEN OPENS

O TENDER longing! sweet hope! the golden
time of first love — the eye sees the heaven open
while the heart is silent in blissfulness.

— SCHILLER

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

MARRIAGE

A CROWN OF BLESSING

Look down you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown.

— SHAKESPEARE

OLD AGE

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

The good die young — Here's hoping that
you may live to a ripe old age.

— ANON.

OLD TIMES

IN MEMORY

I DRINK it as the Fates ordain it,
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

— THACKERAY

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

PRESENT

MY HOUR

THE past was bad, and the future hid its good or
ill untried, O;
But the present hour was in my power, and so I
would enjoy it, O.

— BURNS

PROSPERITY

FOR ME, FOR YOU

A CHEERFUL glass, a pretty lass,
A friend sincere and true;
Blooming health, good store of wealth,
Attend on me and you.

— ANON.

QUAKER TOAST

ME AND MINE, THEE AND THINE

HERE'S a health to me and mine,
Not forgetting thee and thine;

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

And when thee and thine
Come to see me and mine,
May me and mine make thee and thine
As welcome as thee and thine
Have ever made me and mine.

— ANON.

SLEEP

A FAIR GOOD-NIGHT

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasant dreams and slumbers light!

— SCOTT

SOLDIERS

A WOMAN'S TOAST

THE soldiers of America,
Their arms our defense,
Our arms their recompense —
Fall in, men; fall in!

— ANON.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

STARS AND STRIPES

OUR FLAG

THE Lily of France may fade,
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,
The Oak of England may decay,
But the Stars shine on forever.

SUMMER

TO JUNE AND SUMMER TIME

WHEN blue bells ring their merry chime
Announcing June and summer time
And dancing brooks their carols sing
Prophetic of the passing spring
We'll pluck a golden buttercup
And with the dew we'll fill it up,
And drink a health to happy hours —
To singing birds; to fragrant flowers.

— ANON.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

TEMPERANCE

A WELCOME BACK

A MAN may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

— BURNS



MODERATION IN ALL THINGS

I TAKES my pipe, I takes my pot;
And drunk I am never seen to be;
I'm no teetotaler, or sot,
And as I am I mean to be.

— GILBERT

WATER

THE TRUE TOPER

A FIG then for Burgundy, Claret or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish;
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish!"

— HOOD

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

WINE

ALL IN DRINK

WE'LL have it all in drink; let meat and lodging go; they are transitory and show men merely mortal.

— BEAUMONT and FLETCHER



AND ANOTHER

HERE'S to a long life and a merry one,
A quick death and a happy one,
A good girl and a pretty one,
A cold bottle and another one.

— ANON.



ANOTHER DAY

LET us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

— BYRON



BOTTLE AND FRIEND

HERE'S to a bottle and an honest friend;
What would you wish for more, man?

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

Who knows before his life may end
What his share may be of care, man.

— BURNS



DRINK AND BE MERRY

DRINK, my jolly lads, drink with discerning,
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning;
Never was owl more blind than lover;
Drink and be merry, lads; half seas over.

— MULOCK



FILL HIGH!

THEN fill the cup, fill high! fill high!
Nor spare the rosy wine,
If death be in the cup, we'll die —
Such death would be divine.

— LOWELL



FOR THE HOUR-GLASS

SAY, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands, unsightly.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

When wine he knew
Runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly?

— MOORE



HAD I THE POWER

O, LITTLE fishes of the sea,
Had I the power divine,
I'd turn you into silver cups,
And your sea to purple wine.

— ANON.



IN THE GOBLET ALONE

FILL the goblet again; for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to
its core.

Let us drink; who would not? since through life's
varied round

In the goblet alone no deception is found.

— BYRON

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

NO STING

FRIEND of my soul! this goblet sip —
 'Twill chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip,
 But O! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
 'Twill steal away the mind;
But unlike affection's dream,
 It leaves no sting behind.

— MOORE



OUR SUN

THIS bottle's the sun of our table.
 His beams are rosy wine;
We, planets that are not able
 Without his help to shine.

— SHERIDAN



PEGASUS

IF with water you fill up your glasses,
 You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
 Which hurries a bard to the skies.

— MOORE

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

SALVATION

STRONG ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A drum was *memento mori*;
But a full-flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

—BURNS



THE BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE

No churchman am I for to rail and to write;
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight;
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

—BURNS



THE BUMPER

FILL the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smoothes away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.

— MOORE



THE CAPTAIN'S TASTE

DID you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little bottle.

— DIBDEN



THE LOVING CUP

THUS circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we
drink,
Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure,
through pain,
That, fast as feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the
chain.

— MOORE



THE WIFE'S QUERY

THEN fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it
straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, what e'er the
liquid be,

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

And may the cherubs on its face, protect me
from the sin

That dooms me to those dreadful words, "My
dear, where have you been?"

— HOLMES



To FOLLY

Now, down with care and blithely swear

A truce to melancholy;

Let each good soul fill up his bowl

And drink a toast to folly!

— POWELL



To Joy

THEN fill the glass — away with gloom,

Our joys shall always last;

For hope will brighten days to come,

And memory guild the past.

— MOORE



To NOAH

So a cup ere we part to the man of our heart,

Old Noah, the primitive grower of wine;

And one brimming cup (nay, fill it quite up),

To the angel who gave him the seed of the vine.

— SAXE

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

TWIN ACHES

TWEEN woman and wine a man's lot is to smart,
For wine makes his head ache, and woman his
heart.

— ANON.



WHILE ABLE

HERE, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table.

— GOLDSMITH



WHILE YOU MAY

DRINK to-day and drown all sorrow;¹
You shall perhaps not do't to-morrow;
Best while you have it, use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

— BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

WOMAN

ALL TOGETHER

LET her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
Let us toast all the ladies together.

— ANON.



A REASONABLE WOMAN

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome, and witty, yet a friend.

— POPE



A WOMAN PERFECTED

EARTH's noblest thing — a woman perfected.

— LOWELL

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

EXCEPT —.

HERE'S to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of our firesides by night and by
day,
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way.

— HALLECK



EXCUSE FOR THE GLASS

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

*Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

HERES' to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Here's to the maid who has none, sir,
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

*Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry,
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be thin,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather,
So fill up up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

— SHERIDAN



GARLAND OF LOVE

HONORED be woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light,
Scatters around her wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways —
Roses of paradise fresh from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

— HOOD

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

HER CHARMS

SHE is pretty to walk with,
She is pretty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

— SUCKLING



HER CONTRARIETY

HERE's to woman, the source of all our bliss;
There's a foretaste of heaven in her kiss;
But from the queen upon her throne, to the maid
in the dairy,
They are all alike, in one respect — "contrary."

— ANON.



HER EYES

HERE's to the girl with eyes of blue,
Whose heart is kind and love is true;
Here's to the girl with eyes of brown,
Whose spirit proud you cannot down;
Here's to the girl with eyes of gray,
Whose sunny smile drives care away;
Whate'er the hue of their eyes may be,
I'll drink to the girls this toast with thee!

— ANON.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

HER FICKLENESS

I'M convinced a woman can
Love this, or that, or any other man;
This day she's melting hot,
To-morrow swears she knows you not;
If she but a new object find,
Then straight she's of another mind.

— SUCKLING



HER PLACE

THEY talk about a woman's sphere as though it
had a limit;
There's not a place on earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth —
Without a woman in it.

— ANON.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

IN THE HOME

WOMAN! with that word,
In the green bower of home.
Truth, beauty, love, in her adored,
And earth's lost paradise restored,
Life's dearest hopes and memories come;

— HALLECK



LOOK ON HER FACE

BRIGHT as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike,
Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults if belles had faults to hide.
If to her share some female errors fall
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.

— POPE



NAVAL TOAST

HERE's to our sweethearts and our wives;
May our sweethearts soon become our wives
And our wives ever remain our sweethearts.

— ANON.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

PEARL OF ALL THINGS

O PEARL of all things, woman! Adored by the
artist who created thee.

— SCHILLER



PLACE AUX DAMES

AND when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place.

— GAY



SUPERLATIVE

O FAIREST of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! Creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet.

— MILTON



THE LASSES

AND nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

— BURNS

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

THE MODERN WOMAN

At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy,
Dilating on the future.

— TENNYSON



THE PARAGON

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her health! And would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

— PINKNEY

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

THE SUPREME FAITHFULNESS

TALK about the devotion of the sex, but the most faithful attachment in life is that of a woman in love — with herself.

— LYTTON



THOSE EYES

THOSE eyes whose light seemed rather given
To be adored than to adore —
Such eyes as may have looked from heaven,
But ne'er were raised to it before.

— MOORE



TO THE COMPOSITE HER

Now, with wine as is due, let the honors be paid,
Whilst I give my hand, heart and head;
Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind
maid,
Who first taught me to love, woo and wed.

— HOOD

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

TO THEE

WHILE there's life on the lip, while there's warmth
in the wine,
One deep health I'll pledge, and that health shall
be thine.

— MEREDITH



WHOM EACH LOVES BEST

Drink ye to her that each loves best;
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

— CAMPBELL

FORMS FOR SPEECHES

FORMS FOR SPEECHES

HERE are presented numerous forms of speeches, suitable for use on various occasions. Each is complete in itself, and merely requires memorizing. These set addresses have been very carefully prepared by one who is accustomed to speech-making, and they will, therefore, be found satisfactory, since they have the proper character for oral delivery, which is something quite different oftentimes from the quality that distinguishes the written discourse. The addresses are distinctly of a sort that may be delivered with the effect of being extemporaneous.

Care has been used to make the form in every instance of the broadest possible character. Owing to this fact, their usefulness is greatly extended, without close restrictions of

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time and locality. Indeed, any one of the collection might be available for occasions other than that designated by the heading. Moreover, pains have been taken to avoid repetitions, and by reason of this fact two or more of the forms may be joined to make a single discourse when the occasion demands an oration. The choice of subjects has been made with a view to listing those of chief importance, and it results from this that a great variety of occasions not specifically designated by the titles are, nevertheless, so related to them that the set forms will prove available unfaillingly.

The general nature of the addresses is somewhat serious, since this is fitting to many of the particular occasions included in the list. It will be noted, however, that there are lighter touches when these are justified by the occasion. In addition, it must be borne in mind that these forms put no restraint on the ambitious speaker. They are intended for the convenience of anyone who finds himself under the necessity of delivering an address

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while unprepared either from inclination or inability. They are purposely made short enough to permit of easy memorizing, while they are still long enough fully to answer the requirements of the occasion. But individual preference and ability may choose to adapt them and to enlarge them. Especially, an ambitious speaker may avail himself of the material here offered, and yet make it really his own by such alterations and additions as shall appeal to him. In this direction, the most important point will be the improvement of any particular address by appropriate references to local conditions and matters of timeliness. Thus, in an address on Decoration Day, specific mention of the valor displayed by the soldiery in that community where the exercises are held. So, too, at a family reunion there should be some enumeration of the exploits of members of the clan, and these narratives may be either grave or gay, preferably both. It is well to pay a tribute to the greatness of the famous divine or the bravery of the doughty general, but it

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is also well to cite a mythical relation who beat all his eight wives, or of the real ancestor who was hanged for sheep-stealing. In any way possible, there should be an effort to deck the bare form with allusions of a familiar kind, calculated to interest and please the hearers, to arouse in them a personal sympathy with the speaker's thought.

In the preceding portion of this volume, ample instruction has been given as to the method for making use of the funny story in a speech. Those directions are all equally applicable in connection with these set forms. For example, at the outset of an address on Lincoln's Birthday, it would be quite suitable to tell any preferred humorous anecdote, and follow it by the statement that the story has been attributed to Abraham Lincoln. This would be true, in all probability, since the number of good stories credited to that great man is beyond all counting. Of course, in such case, the law of timeliness must be regarded. It would not do thus to quote a tale of flying machines or submarines or radio-

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telephones. Similarly, essentially any story that is really amusing may be made applicable to the particular occasion by the use of a little ingenuity, following the instructions previously given on the subject.

Use is to be made at pleasure of any desired extracts from the list of toasts and sentiments, for the purpose of adorning the address on any particular occasion.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE New Year! The dates of the calendar are as the milestones for man's journey through life. On a certain day in a certain year, a child was born; the child grows to maturity, lives out its appointed span, and then, on a certain day in a certain year, dies. The vital events are noted according to the calendar. Births, marriages and deaths are recorded in the family Bible—in the bureau of vital statistics. Life is measured by its years. Every year is a cycle complete in itself, a cycle of months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, seconds. New Year's Day is both a beginning and an end. It marks the conclusion of one such cycle, it marks the beginning of another. Thus, the day has a peculiar, a striking significance for every individual. This anniversary compels the deep attention of every

NEW YEAR'S DAY

one of us. It compels us to reflect on the cycle that is ended, and, as well, to consider carefully the new cycle that is opening. Naturally, there is review of the past, anticipation of the future. We are blest indeed if we are able to gain wisdom from a study of our experiences through the days that are gone, and to apply that wisdom in the ruling of our conduct through the days to come. Such wisdom is garnered not only from happiness, but also, and in chief measure, from the bitterest trials of life. Often, indeed, a clear vision looks back over the years, and beholds in the most grievous sorrows so difficultly endured the means whereby character was purified, whereby the spirit grew and took on strength to achieve.

Just because the New Year carries with it this impulse to examine the past and to plan the future, it is inevitably a time of keen regrets as well as of high aspirations. A candid survey of things done must show even the best among us faults both of commission and of omission. It follows, of course, that in

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planning the future, the repetition of such faults is denied a place. Hence, New Year resolutions.

Now, New Year resolutions are good or bad according to the circumstances. Of course, the particular resolve may be taken for granted as meant to be an improvement in conduct. The quality of good or bad, therefore, so far as we are concerned has to do with the future history of the resolution. It being admitted that the resolution itself is admirable it is a good resolution if it is kept; it is a bad resolution if it is broken. The reason is that lying is a vicious thing. The breaking of a promise is the worst sort of lying. The breaking of a promise to one's self has a guilt all its own. It means a flabby will. The flabby will is a foe to righteousness. To be sure, many persons of strong will are evil, but we may be sure that no weak and vacillating person can be a saint. The late Professor James, the eminent psychologist, was vehement in denouncing the evil of broken resolutions by reason of their destructive effect

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on the will power. It is better for the character to make no resolutions for the New Year, if any is to be broken. A single resolution carefully maintained is excellent: a dozen broken are not only absurd, they are profoundly injurious to the maker and breaker of them. The desire for improvement is a wholesome thing, and its manifestation at the New Year season deserves every encouragement. But enthusiasm for reform should be checked by prudence. Before the pledge is made, the cost of fulfillment should be most carefully considered, and there should be an honest estimate of the courage required of the ability to deny habit and desire for the sake of principle. The resolution deliberately formed and conscientiously carried out is of vast value in the building of character.

At this season, as another year begins, we take comfort from the fact that we are still alive, and we celebrate joyously. The spirit of the occasion is exhibited in family reunions, in community gatherings, in social gaieties of diverse sorts. The whole nation

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honors the opening of the New Year as a national festival. And not our nation alone. Through all history, all races have alike done honor to the date that marked the beginning of their year. Though that date itself has varied widely, the spirit animating different peoples has always been the same. That spirit is the one that now animates us. There is a deeper feeling than that of which I have spoken, which has to do with religion. Stress is laid on this in every church, and it is a fact that all the religions of the world have sanctified this season.

Reference to other calendars remind me that our own is not perfect. We have changed it often enough, but it is still defective. Once in four years, we must add an extra day in February to keep our dates harmonious with those of nature. But that defect gives a single touch of variety to the otherwise monotonous repetitions of the calendar year. Incidentally, leap year has the traditional merit of generously offering opportunity to all love-lorn maiden ladies.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

My friends, let us aspire, yet fairly within the measure of our powers; let us resolve yet discreetly; above all let us achieve.

To the New Year, our endeavor, our attainment!

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

NO holiday could be more worthy than this. It is devoted to the memory of a man who is unique in history. He was one to whom came a most tremendous opportunity for service to his fellows; he was one who proved himself adequate to the mastery of a situation of supreme trial.

It is well to reflect with appreciative care on the character of Abraham Lincoln. He was such a product of our American Democracy as no other country could duplicate. He typified in his person that possibility of achievement which is our pride. His origin was of the humblest; he enjoyed in his youth no advantages whatsoever, as we understand the term. Poverty would have left him to illiterate obscurity, but for the fact that he possessed a burning desire to go forward, on-

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

ward, upward. He had, too, an inexhaustible energy with which to fight for the attainment of his desire. He won education by sheer force of perseverance, a perseverance that was indomitable. Who of us but has a mental picture of the lanky youth poring over a borrowed book in the night hours, reading by the uncertain light of the fire on the cabin hearth. There is inspiration to every ambitious young man in the life story of Lincoln. It would seem, indeed, that there was nothing in his favor. Surely no one ever had less aid from his environment for the building of a career; no one ever had set before him more and greater obstacles in the race for supremacy. Lincoln's one mighty asset was the noble spirit that was within him. It was a spirit keen to strive, indomitable, righteous. It was this spirit that drew other men to him, that made them appreciate and honor both his power and his love of the right. It was this spirit that compelled the trust of a multitude of his fellows, who turned over to him guardianship of our nation. How he dis-

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charged his duties through years of bloody stress is a record so simple that it is familiar to every schoolboy, and it is a record so wonderful that all true men do reverence to the name of Abraham Lincoln. His whole life stands in a beauty all its own for devoted service to his country and to his fellow men. His death was the final sacrifice on the altar of patriotism.

Let us, then, remember this martyred president with a loving veneration that shall thrill us to deeper appreciation of the blessings that are ours, that shall thrill us also to a keener realization of our duties as fellow citizens of that great man, to more earnest fulfillment.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

ALL the world loves a lover. Saint Valentine specialized in just that sort of thing. A noble career for a saint, if you ask me. For what is there more interesting than the infinite vagaries of true love? And it is only in behalf of true lovers that the saint bestirs himself.

It is, indeed, love that makes the world go round. Love, in the right use of the word, is always true love. Not only does love make the world go round, it makes life worth living—simply love, nothing else, makes beautiful the whole universe. Life is, in fact, a dreary, sordid and fruitless grind without it. Merely to eat and to drink, to be clothed, to toil at the gaining of such necessities are pursuits gross and earthly in themselves that bring the doer to nothingness of themselves.

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They become ennobled when love is the motive underlying every activity. Such love may be of home and family, of country, of duty, of one's fellow man, of God. In its noblest expression, it may be all of these.

The kindly old saint, however, confines his interest to the love affairs of a man and a maid. He is broad enough, let us hope, to make age no barrier. He is tolerant toward the man who is so young that we more experienced ones term his emotion calf-love, or even puppy-love. And the saint is tolerant, also, to the maid whom we brutally term old. We are not so charitable. We are likely to sneer when the choice of lovers does not meet our personal ideas of what is fitting. We refer to May and December when there is difference of years. We are scornful concerning the lover with one foot in the grave, so to speak, and the other slipping. And, too, we are fond of saying: "Now, what can he see in her?" or: "What can she see in him?" The old Indian was more philosophical in his appreciation of variousness in mankind, for he

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

thanked the Great Spirit that all red men were not as he, since in that case every other brave would have wanted his squaw. It might be well for us to copy after Saint Valentine in gentle tolerance of the foibles of other folks in their fancies.

Let us give thanks to Saint Valentine. We need him. More power to his arm—to his brain. The lovers need him to smooth the way to marriage. They need him still more to smooth the way after they are married. Of old, romances wrote of a youth and a maiden, but ended the chronicle with the announcement: "Thus they were married and lived happy ever afterward." Nowadays, the novelists begin with the marriage, and exploit their living unhappy ever afterward up to the divorce court. The modern romance delights in seizing on a couple old enough to know better, and making them do worse.

I doubt not that this very day Saint Valentine is growing thin. It must be a strenuous time for him with grandmama bunny-hugging in the cabaret, and silly chits, of flapper age,

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but now so powdered and rouged and bobbed, with little time for lessons in their business of vamping Tom, Dick and Harry. Nevertheless, though he may grow thin, Saint Valentine will save the situation, will restore sound sense to his protégés. He will be able to do this because, in spite of all extravagances of the moment, the hearts of old and young alike are still sound. They are so sound that they will function normally, which means that lovers will continue to love deeply, to trust completely, to hope absurdly, to marry foolishly, to live wisely—perhaps to die contentedly.

Hail blessed Saint Valentine!

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTH- DAY

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Father of Our Country. The term in itself is one of supreme honor, of love, of reverence. Every parent finds a personal satisfaction in the right achievement attained by his own offspring. In a sense, what is wrought by the children is the performance of the parents. The intimate relation that always exists between parent and child is such that to claim it voluntarily is a final proof of deepest affection. It is thus that our nation has borne witness to its love for Washington. It has called him father. That designation is of itself full evidence of the veneration with which the citizens of these United States have always regarded, and do still regard, and will continue to regard, the man to whose sagacious leadership they chiefly owe their being.

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In his "Outline of History," the English writer, Wells, confines comment on Washington to the statement that the man was lazy. Such an assertion smirches the reputation of Wells, not of Washington. Its absurdity is patent to any intelligent person—except Wells. George Washington was the Commander-in-Chief of our army during the Revolutionary War. The task imposed on him in this position was no light one. On the contrary, his duties imposed on him a burden sufficient to crush body, mind and spirit of any save the strongest. Here was no place for indolence. No lazy man could have marshaled our tattered and hungry troops to victory. The requirement was for a general against whom physical fatigue was powerless, whose mind was competent to devise a way out of the worst perils, whose spirit remained undaunted in every crisis. And afterward, as our President, this man of destiny could still find no opportunity for that ease of which the English writer has so curious a fancy. In that early period of our history, even as to-day, the

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presidency offered of sinecure. The life of the Chief Executive day by day was of the fullest, with every moment of the waking hours occupied by the necessities of control for that great enterprise, a daring scheme of government new to the history of the world. Then, as now, the life of the President was one of arduous and unceasing toil. Back of all else, there was then, just as there is to-day, the strain of a tremendous responsibility. The head of our Government can never be a lazy man, nor ever could.

Moreover, apart from the exigencies of the position itself, we must bear in mind the fact that the lazy man can never become the leader. Indolence cannot long disguise itself. The slothful individual is known as such to his fellows. It is inevitable that they should reject his guidance in the conduct of affairs. Even a political boss cannot be a lazy man. Were he such, he could never attain dominance over his party. Political control demands not only shrewdness, but also energy enough to be always busy. No more can the

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statesman indulge a liking for idleness. Statesman and politician alike must be zealous in action if they would attain their ends. It is safe to declare that no lazy man could ever be so much even as nominated for the office of President of the United States.

As the parent finds pleasure in the great things accomplished by a child, so the spirit of the Father of Our Country must feel both joy and triumph, along with much wonder, over the progress of this nation; he may well find gratification in the development of the nation. Though our faults be many, our greatness cannot be denied. Washington guarded and led what was by comparison a handful of men dwelling in the wilderness. Those whom he set on the way have gone forward through the years resolutely; they have never faltered or turned back. They have fashioned the wilderness into a land of richness beyond any that the world has known. The remote settlements of a new world have grown to be the greatest power among all the nations of the earth.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

There are millions in this land to-day where were scant thousands in the time of Washington. But we can never be too many to do him honor. We are fabulously wealthy now where we were poverty-stricken in the time of Washington, but we can never be too rich to remember the beginnings of our prosperity, to remember the man that molded destiny in our behalf.

George Washington the Father of Our Country. We, his children, are humbly grateful to his memory.

DECORATION DAY

THIS is the day on which we assemble to bear witness that we remember our dead. Those whom we thus now hold in memory have a claim upon our reverence that is of the strongest. Yet, this claim does not come from any kinship; it is not due to ties of blood; it is not derived even from friendship; it is not concerned with personal relationships. The claim issues from the fact that these dead gave the full strength of their manhood, gave their very lives even, for a righteous cause. They fought and died for the salvation of the nation in which we enjoy citizenship. It was their toil and torment and passing that upheld the Government in a time of mortal crisis, so that it has endured through the years, and stands to-day in splendid security. In great measure, if not indeed wholly, we owe these

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dead heroes both the peacefulness and the power of these United States.

It is well that the slow flight of the years lessens little by little and finally destroys the bitterness that must characterize partisan strife. To-day, we may declare with grateful pride that the heart of North and South is truly one part. There is no longer any spirit of battle between sections of our country. The old wounds have healed, a kindly Time has almost completely obliterated even the scars of former conflict. With our eyes open to a clearer vision, we of the one nation understand the honest valor of all who battled in the Civil War. It is easy now to understand the zeal of the North, so suddenly and so swiftly aroused against the practice of slavery, for slavery was not an institution in the North. There was nothing to offset full appreciation of the injustice wrought against the victims of such servitude. But we can understand equally the feeling of the South, where generations of custom sanctioned the holding of slaves. We remember in justification of the

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practice that throughout all the ages of history slavery had been deemed a matter of course, not only by rudest savages, but as well by those peoples of highest culture. The development of a sense of justice in this regard developed only in modern times, and then very slowly. It is characteristic of human nature that those not directly concerned with the institution were in every instance most ardent toward its abolition. In France, the extravagancies of the revolutionary spirit that culminated in the reign of terror in the closing years of the eighteenth century, included the freeing of the slaves in the French Colonial possessions. Here, we note again, that there was no slavery in France itself to serve as a check on the enthusiasts. Indeed, it is hardly a matter for pride to any lover of human progress, that the change so admirable in itself was, nevertheless, effected by fanatics who enthroned the guillotine, who exalted courtesans for the high altars in the churches, who dragged the Bible through the streets tied to the tail of an ass. The British freed their

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slaves more slowly—happily, more sanely. It seems a pity that we could not have reached the right in this matter peacefully, without the horrors of a bloody war between brothers. Yet, there is a purifying of the spirit that comes forth out of the evils of strife. We must believe that such a baptism of blood is a sacrament of regeneration for the nation. At least, we know that the individuals who fought and died were surely in some measure thus consecrated. These dead, in memory of whom we are gathered, are sacred to us. They will remain sacred to us so long as the generations honor the supreme virtues of manhood: valor and sacrifice.

FOURTH OF JULY

THE Fourth of July is the anniversary that commemorates that day in 1776 on which came into being the Declaration of Independence.

It has won for itself the distinction of being known as "the day we celebrate." And fittingly, for the Fourth of July is not only our most joyous, but also our most sacred festival. It is the souvenir of the birth of our nation. It may be said of it jocularly that it is the occasion when we most enthusiastically twist the Lion's tail, and let the Eagle scream. It is the day when we are prone to boast of the triumph that our hardy ancestors won over the veteran troops of an empire, and to vaunt ourselves over the magnificent progress that has marked the change from the thirteen colonies to the greatest of world powers. It is, indeed, but just that we should thus exult over past prowess and present achievement.

FOURTH OF JULY

The nation has accomplished stupendous things in the way of advancement, and we may take credit to those of our race who have here wrought a work so mighty and so enduring.

Yet, the flight of the years has effected a radical change in our sentiment toward the country against the tyranny of which we fought. Every schoolboy to-day knows that the evils imposed on the Colonists were due to the rapacity of the monarch, not to the ill-will of the people, and that the best sentiment of English statesmen was bitterly opposed to the policies of King George toward the colonies of the crown. The English of that age realized, just as they realize now, that the war was a hideous blunder; they understood the injustice of it.

It was a flaming resentment against injustice that set burning the forces of the revolution in our Western World. Our forefathers were goaded to revolt by the unfairness with which they were treated by the Government overseas. Their protest was

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against taxation without representation. That protest went from words to deeds, and its final provision is visible in the peace and power of this land to-day. The patriots of 1776 and those bitter years that followed did not take up arms in behalf of any theory: they battled to remedy unjust conditions imposed upon them by a despotic authority. Our warriors were not animated by hatred of the monarchical form of government, or by love for a democratic system. They were driven to rebellion by circumstances that menaced their well being unjustly; they dared the combat in behalf of their material rights. The men of that age, whether individuals of the common people, or their leaders, their statesmen, their generals, had no conception of democracy with the meaning given to the word to-day. But they understood fully the difference between right and wrong, and they were willing to shed their blood, to give their lives to defend the right that was theirs.

Our present development of democracy has been from a growth of exceeding slowness.

FOURTH OF JULY

By reason of that slowness, the growth has been sure. Moreover, the tedious delay in advancement has made every gain infinitely precious; it has given the people opportunity to realize the exact advantage of every gain, and thus to appreciate with deepest gratefulness each succeeding benefit. We of the Anglo-Saxon race have been studying for a thousand years the problems of a liberal government and of individual rights. They have studied, and, too, they have struggled. There were wars in the British Isles, as well as the final war waged on this continent, and every battle was in some measure the march of a forward movement.

The slowness of the process has given to us a development of character that tends toward making us worthy of the blessings that have been bestowed upon us. The priceless gain from all its struggles has been the growth of character. We of the race have striven for our liberties through many generations of struggle, and we have earned them. Because we have thus fought and thus difficultly ob-

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tained, we understand our liberties. We do not merely perceive the superficial things that are represented by the law, or by the machinery of government, but we know the truth that lies beneath the surface, and is, in fact, the foundation on which our whole social structure is reared. We not only know this truth as a matter of intelligent perception, but we feel it—crystallized as a dominant sentiment from inherited experience.

No other race of to-day has an inheritance so splendid. Within recent years, the island kingdom of the Japanese was opened to civilization. That race, with amazing adaptability, has taken to itself many of the strange things thus offered, but the effect is wholly superficial, if not altogether flimsy, at best merely material. The Japanese, however imitative they may be, have never lived through the ages of struggle to attain; their generations have not received the baptism of blood, liberty's sacrament. They may lay hold on the outward form; they cannot possess the inward and spiritual grace.

FOURTH OF JULY

It is this inward and spiritual grace that is our glory. On this the day we celebrate, it is well to exult in the noble achievements of our race, of which this day is a triumphant symbol. But it is better still to feel within us a quickening of the spirit—that spirit which burned so hotly within the bosoms of our patriot fathers. It is a spirit that must flame always to consume injustice, to destroy the dross that would hide or tarnish the right. It is the spirit that makes mighty for righteousness, that makes strong to battle not only for the rights of one's self, but with equal zeal for the rights of his fellows.

The spirit of 1776. May it live ever in us, and in the generations that are to follow.

LABOR DAY

LABOR DAY is new on the calendar of annual festivals. Yet, though the organization of the workers into unions is of recent occurrence, the principle thus expressed has in certain phases been a factor throughout all the history of the world. Men everywhere and always have recognized the truth that in union there is strength. Essentially, every class has made constant effort to avail itself of those advantages afforded by the association of its members for purposes either defensive or offensive. Thus, to give an illustration from the top of the social structure, ruling sovereigns have been wont to form alliances with other potentates for the sake of increased safety or power. Similarly, the ruling class of a nation was joined in a nobility that carried special privileges, and the whole class was

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zealous against any infringement on their superior rank. Lower in the social scale were the guilds, which were actually groups of particular merchants or artisans. Even the apprentices were leagued together for the common good. The farmers, even, have not disdained such joining of their forces for mutual aid, and the granges have possessed a large measure of influence in the past; they remain of a definite importance in the present. Such banding together has by no means been limited to our Anglo-Saxon race: it has been a feature in the social constitution of all countries, in all times. It has, perhaps, its most striking manifestation in the caste system of India. The Hindoo mixes the social status with religion. The whole population was classified in forgotten ages, so long ago that the sacred legions tell of how each separate class issued from a particular part of the God Bramah. That caste system has remained fixed through the centuries. Each native Hindoo is born into a caste from which he cannot escape, be he priest, or warrior, or

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street-sweeper. The rules of his caste are absolute, to depart in any least degree from the rigid forms is mortal sin. The caste system of India represents all that is worst in the separation of a people into classes. It is an absolute bar to any high ambition among those of the inferior orders, since ascent to a nobler place in the social scale is not merely forbidden, it is wholly impossible. By contrast, then, we realize the enormous advantages offered by a democracy to every individual. Here, the man born in the gutter may rise to the presidency of the nation, if the spirit of achievement within him be of sufficient power. There is no bar of the secular law or of religion. Labor in modern times has attained to intelligent understanding of its rights, of its dignity and of its power. It has won triumph in the vindication of its rights. It has proved its dignity. It has asserted its power. It is certain that labor will never revert to serfdom. The strength of labor has grown so great that there is no longer need to fear oppression. Indeed, it would seem that

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to-day the chief requirement is toward that sort of union which shall develop understanding and tolerance and sympathy between the various classes of the community. We have advanced so far in the development of our civilization that we ought to advance yet a little farther. Such progress would mean a near approach to absolute justice in the relations of every class of our citizens with all other classes. The ideal is in truth absolute fairness, a perfect justice for every individual. The realization of that ideal means the abolishing of every special privilege, means even the actual elimination of classes as arbitrarily imposed by present conditions.

It is the duty of the labor unions to exalt before the world the honor that inheres in honest toil. God never cursed labor. On the contrary, He blessed it in the beginning and sanctified it for all time. His own revelation declares that he worked in the infinite toil of creation, and found the work good. He set man in the garden, but with the task of caring for it. Christ, in the later revelation, repeats

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the declaration that the Father is ever working, and adds that He Himself, also, works. Man, made in the likeness of God, imitates the creator in his toil. And all work is creative. The sweeping of a room or the washing of dishes is truly creative work, for it brings order out of disorder, just as God fashioned the universe out of chaos. There is, indeed, a religious quality in all faithful service, in all honest industry. The old monks sang a hymn with the refrain, "*Laborare est orare*"—to labor is to pray. In spiritual worth, the humblest worker may be mighty. It will be well for us to keep in our hearts a thought of such spiritual values, since, at the last, these things only avail. The material passes, but the things of the spirit avail.

COLUMBUS DAY

THE discoverer of our country did not give it his name, but his fame is none the less secure. The learned may tell us of some ancient Scandinavian navigator who came to these shores before the sailing of the ships sent forth by Ferdinand and Isabella, but we are not in the least interested. We honor Christopher Columbus as the man who made the continent known to the world, who by his discovery opened it to the European adventurers, with the result that it became a new world, a world of amazing vastness and more amazing fruitfulness. Nor do we venerate the name of Columbus less from the fact that he was actually mistaken in his high project, and that accident, rather than design, made his voyaging a supreme achievement.

We may well honor the man, since to him

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directly and personally we owe the magnificent treasure that is this country of ours. It is useless to declare that some other in the course of time must have done the work, had Columbus failed. The fact remains that Columbus was the discoverer. To him, then, all our gratitude and praise, our reverence as the agent under Providence for our well-being.

It is, indeed, most astonishing to reflect on how the vast American continent remained a wilderness through all the ages of history. The races of men grew civilized in the old world, they exploited the arts and sciences, they developed agriculture and all natural resources, and believed with utmost sincerity that all the earth was theirs, and the fullness thereof. Yet, only a few thousand miles away from them across the ocean, there waited that other world, in which lay hidden all the riches of their own lands, and more. It was a virgin soil, endowed with incalculable treasures. Those dwelling there were only a few scattered savages. We know that in forgotten

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ages a higher culture existed in certain regions, for there remain to our own day the massive ruins that are mute witness to the skill of those that builded them. But of that vanished race we know nothing, though we may guess that through them survived on this continent some part of the civilization claimed for the lost Atlantis. So far as we are concerned, however, the redmen were the only occupants, and they but few, of this enormous region. And these aborigines left the land virgin, with all its wealth intact for the coming of the pioneers. What that wealth was is visibly suggested to us as we look about us at the splendor of our nation. Our knowledge of it grows if we look farther, to the wide and fertile reaches of Canada, to cities, mountains, valleys and plains of the tremendous areas we group under the names Central and South America.

Honor, then, to Christopher Columbus, agent of destiny to bestow on mankind the glories of a new world.

THANKSGIVING DAY

THIS day had its beginning among a pious people, who, in a strange new world, amid the perils of a wilderness and menaced by savages, obtained the necessities of life by sternest toil, yet, in devout worship of God, felt the obligation upon them to set apart a certain season for fasting and prayer and thanksgiving to a Providence so merciful. We of to-day, who dwell so much more softly amid the plenty rendered by a fruitful earth, could hardly endure such rigors as were imposed by the circumstances of time and place upon the Pilgrim Fathers. Such trials as those they underwent would sorely tax our faith, might even lead us into bitter repining against the divine discipline, rather than to a humble gratitude.

The Pilgrims were sustained through every

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trouble by a profound religious fervor. It was for peace of conscience that they made themselves exiles from their native land. They sought a place, no matter how difficult and dangerous, where they might exercise their right to worship according to their conviction. It was natural, then, that such men and women should mark the rounding of the year with special service of praise to the Deity who had preserved them. They made this season one for earnest communion with God, a time for spiritual exaltation. So, they mortified the flesh, and strict fasting left a larger liberty for the soul's exercise.

We have traveled far from the conception in which this anniversary had its beginning. For us of the present generation, it is, to a large extent, just a holiday, a time for pleasure, in games or other sports, or in social reunions and assemblies, and for feasting. The official proclamations of the day still emphasize its sacred character. The churches still maintain special services where the religious-minded may meet together with something of

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the old-time sentiment of praise for the goodness of God. But it must be confessed that most of our citizenry gives small heed to-day to holy things, but is rather concerned with merry-making, each according to his individual bent. The day is esteemed as one of jollity. None dreams of fasting. Instead, the time is one notoriously for feasting.

There is, in fact, no harm in our rejoicing. On the contrary, it is well that we should be glad in the midst of a plenty that in these later days is the marvel and the envy of a stricken world. It is, indeed, seemly to rejoice in the realization of our manifold blessings. Nor is it unfitting, as the pilgrims themselves soon came to realize, to spread our tables with that generous profusion made possible by a kindly Providence. But, along with these our modern methods in which we indulge so easily and so zealously, it would be well for our souls' sake to remember the exact significance of this day to those from whom we have derived it. It would be well for us, like them, to make the time one for a closer

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communion with the divine source of our well-being. It would be well for us to emulate the Pilgrim Fathers in their humility of Thanksgiving, in their realization that their every achievement was made possible and sanctified by the blessing of God. We may believe the God of the Pilgrims more kindly and more tolerant than they deemed Him. But He is still our God, and it is for us a most solemn duty in the midst of our prosperity to remember always and especially on this day, that He is the source of abundance, and that His blessing gives us the strength to harvest His bounty. Let us hold in our consciousness the name of this holiday, and make of it, truly and reverently, a day of thanksgiving.

CHRISTMAS

IT is the strength and the glory of our Christian religion that it centers about a personal Saviour. The personality of Christ is the magnet that draws sinners to repentance and knowledge of salvation. There is a marvelous power of appeal in the fact that Christ, in spite of His divine nature, was in very truth a man like unto us. It is for this reason that we turn to him in full confidence, knowing that He understands our every mood, that he sympathizes with our every feeling, ready always to offer the comfort of an infinite tenderness.

It is because of this personal quality in the Redeemer that our religion makes so great a festival of the birth of Jesus. The Babe in the manger exercises a holy spell over the meditations of the devout, and this spell suffers no lessening with the lapse of the years—for its strength is drawn from the personal

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relation of each of us with this Divine Being made flesh for the redemption of the world. There is, too, in this celebration something of the simplicity and joyousness that belongs to childhood. It is thus that we cultivate especially the spirit of good will that is symbolized by the giving of gifts, and especially we distinguish the festival by making it the day of days for the children. It is now that we seek to fill full their cup of gladness, and, in so doing, we join with them so earnestly as to renew in some measure our own youthfulness. There sounds very distinctly in our hearts to-day the words of Christ: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We of our religion are wonderfully blessed. Our faith has a warmth in the relation between God and man that the other great religions have lacked. Every false faith has owed its power to a truth. But a truth becomes essentially error when it is overemphasized; it becomes distorted, in effect untruth. And to a large extent pagan beliefs have suffered

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from a mingling of the grossly material with the spiritual. Thus, the Moslem faith, which had its power in the cry that God is one God, nevertheless offers as reward to the devout Mussulman a paradise with harems in which waited be vies of houris of supreme loveliness. In truth, the lures of passion have trailed through most of the world's religions in the past, and they remain potent still. Buddha escaped this taint in his teaching, because it was his ambition to preach a gospel of hope to those that had been hopeless. He proffered comfort in the assurance that every soul could at the last attain to Nirvana—to annihilation, to nothingness.

How different are the purity and the happiness to be found in our Christian faith. It is significant that the greatest and noblest men and women known to history have been loyal followers of the Nazarene. It is significant, as well that the greatest minds before our era approximated closely to the teaching of Jesus. Our religion suffices every need. It is so simple that the most lowly is able easily to lay

CHRISTMAS

hold on its salvation. It is so profound, so complete, that it answers every demand of the highest intelligence, of the most eager heart. It is not for us now to concern ourselves with doctrine. Indeed, we may safely leave doctrine at all times to the schools. The vital truth is that Christianity is a life. By comparison, doctrines count for little. The essential is that one should follow the Christ, that he should, even though afar, live to the best of his ability the life of Christ. And, in so doing there is no inconsistency to-day when we become glad, like unto the little ones.

To young and old, to each and every one, a merry, a merry Christmas.

ENGAGEMENT

ALL the world loves a lover. Since this is true, it follows that everyone is doubly fond of two lovers. And justly so, when they have plighted their troth, and behold in all the universe only a background for their own exquisite happiness. We others, who are more prosaic, share in their gladness. Perhaps we are a little touched with envy toward these lovers to whom a drab world has become as heaven.

Yet, not quite as heaven. For in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. That, doubtless, is why, as Poe sings, the angels in heaven went envying his love for his Annabel Lee. Poor things, to witness such joy that can never be for them.

We sometimes smile a little over the raptures of lovers, and think of them as living in

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a realm of dream. But theirs is, after all, the supreme reality. For love is life, according to the divine ordering of things. In His last revelation of Himself, God has declared that He is love, and God is all in all; in Him we live and move and have our being. So, then, there can be no true life outside of love.

And again, God has told us that it is not good for man to live alone. Here, there is no conflict between religion and science, between rich and poor, between foolish and wise, between nature and civilization. All unite to recognize this necessity of the mating of youth and maiden; all unite to recognize that only in such mating is to be found the fullness of life.

May that Providence which is itself the Spirit of Love bless these lovers.

RESPONSE OF FIANCE

WE had both thought that our happiness was complete. But now we realize that it needed to make it perfect just what you have given to us—your sympathy with our joy, your good wishes for our future, your kindly affection at this time toward us. For myself, I cannot claim to deserve what I have won. It is my hope that a generous Providence will help me, will strengthen me to make the life happiness of her who has so honored me.

And, again, our most grateful thanks and appreciation of your goodness to us.

WEDDING

THERE are three great crises in life. The first is birth, the last is death; between the two—in many cases a number of times between the two—comes marriage. In the matter of birth, no one has any choice at all; in the matter of death, it is rarely that one is permitted to consult his own preference, unless he chooses suicide. But in the matter of marriage it is the general belief that the high contracting parties have liberty of choice. If this is not always so, it usually seems so, which does quite as well. The important truth is that marriage, with its freedom of selection to the individual, is a tremendous responsibility, and, it must be accepted as one's own. Right choice is vital to a life of happiness. Here, to-day, we may believe that the two principals have chosen wisely, and that hap-

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piness in the wedded state will be their portion.

The humorous are fond of domestic difficulties, which offer an endless supply of amusing situations. That is to say, the trouble between husband and wife is often of a sort to make onlookers laugh, though it is deadly serious to the unhappily married pair. The fun-maker's point of view is well illustrated by the shortest joke on record, when Punch used as headline:

"Advice to Those About to be Married."

And under this the single word:

"Don't."

There is no end to this sort of jesting, which is entertaining enough to everyone not directly concerned. A constant victim of the paragraphers is the mother-in-law, as in the quip:

"What is the penalty for bigamy?"

And the reply:

"Two mothers-in-law."

In a serious consideration of marriage, we are confronted with the inevitable fact that marriage means disillusionment. Lovers look

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on the world through rose-colored spectacles, which they by no means take off when they look at each other. It might be remarked in passing that Cupid himself sometimes wears blinders. But after marriage, the rose fades out of the spectacles, or they are laid aside altogether. The lovers then look on each other with new and clearer vision. Blessed are those that behold charms hitherto unsuspected, a loveliness deeper and more enduring than that seen under love's glamour.

It is true that disillusionment may be a melancholy thing. But it should be, and oftenest is, a progression from fancy to fact in which comes a realization of worth-while qualities that make possible life in its fullness. There are various types of the married pair. There is the couple in which one is tyrant, the other slave. Such may be miserable or very happy. The law's theory until recent times was that the man rules as a despot, that the wife was merely a chattel. But human nature is various, and many a woman, long before there was any word of her equal rights,

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ruled her husband, whether by the violence of the shrew, or by the subtle wiles of the clinging vine. But the ideal marriage has developed a true equality of rights between man and wife, in which the balance is not obtained by demand and contention, rather by tolerance, by some sacrifice of self, by appreciation of the rights of another, by a profound mutual sympathy and by that community of interests which is a powerful bond. When the surgeon at a hospital in the East End of London had finished dressing the cuts and bruises on the head of a woman patient, he asked sympathetically:

"Who treated you so shockingly? Was it your husband?"

"Lor' love yer, no, sir. W'y, sir, my 'usband, 'e's more like a friend nor a 'usband."

In the humor of that answer lies a truth of vast value. Lovers need not cease to be lovers, but they must grow to be friends. They need to become pals, in the best meaning of the word. Their union must become so wonderful and so complete that it shall include every

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varied feature of their lives. It is thus that early ardor broadens and deepens into a love that permeates the whole life of both man and wife, and makes of their twain lives a unity.

WEDDING

(Bride's Father)

ONE of the highest of human pleasures is that of a parent in a child. And by so much as this relationship is capable of giving joy, so, too, it is sometimes the cause of suffering, and it is always a responsibility that must not be evaded. The delight of parents in a child is, in the natural order of things, tempered by the fact that as the child passes from adolescence to maturity, separation from the parents becomes necessitated by the circumstances of life. The son goes out from the parental roof tree to mingle with his fellows and to compete with them in business affairs. The old home knows him no more except as a visitor. In the new manner to which the present generation is rapidly becoming accus-

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tomed, the daughter, as well, may choose to pursue her individual career in trade or in the arts or in a profession. But, usually, the girl yields to her natural destiny as a woman by yielding to the pleas of a suitor, by entering into the marriage state. It is this complete change in her life and status that so profoundly affects the parents. The new sphere of activity in which she moves is so full and so complete that it must surely engage her attention and her energies almost entirely to the exclusion of former interests. The parents, while they accept as resignedly as they may the new order, nevertheless cannot restrain themselves from sorrow over their loss. They seek compensation in satisfaction over her choice of a mate, in appreciation of the sterling qualities that belong to their daughter's husband. They feel that her future under his care shows every prospect for a successful, a contented and a happy life. Their pain over their loss at this moment is mitigated in some degree by their gain of a son thus given to them. And, throughout all the days to

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come, these two newly united shall have with them the love and tenderness of another wedded pair—the mother and the father of this girl, their beloved daughter.

WEDDING

(*Groom*)

I HAVE already made one speech to-day. So has Mrs. ———, though she wasn't the Missus then. We think those speeches of ours were better than the grandest orations in the Senate of the United States. Anyhow they mean more to us—along with what the minister said right afterward. Everyone knows that no man is worthy of a good woman. I know that I do not deserve the best of women, though I've won her. I can only try my best to make her happy, so that she shall never regret her choice. We know that we have your wishes for our happiness, and we are grateful to you.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

(*Husband*)

GETTING married is a big thing, though it is so easy. Staying married is a bigger thing, and it is not so easy. Staying married happily is the biggest thing of all, and it is the hardest. But it is the thing that makes everything else in life comparatively easy. Love is a splendid thing in itself, and it is essential to any happiness in the married state. Yet love is often blind, and this fact is not a bit altered in the case of marriage. But, for happiness in wedlock, love cannot stay blind. Married lovers must have their eyes very wide open, indeed, and see all the actualities of their condition with unblinking clearness of vision. Now, this means that they must see the truth not only as to each other, but also as to themselves. For matrimony imposes adjustments

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in the way of living. Each of the pair must accommodate himself or herself for the sake of an harmonious union. It is necessary, if trouble is to be avoided, that personal self-sacrifice should be imposed by the one whose individual preference is thus given up. It should be voluntary. When it is compelled by the other's criticism or command or tearful prayers the result is surely trouble. When there is love, along with the spirit of tolerance and sympathy, happiness in marriage is sure. Under such conditions, disagreements within reasonable bonds do but give spice to the family fare. But bitter recrimination makes the *ménu* just one plateful of mustard.

My wife and I are to-day as happy as we were on our wedding day—happier in a sense. For, if we lack here and now the adventurous thrill of rapture that belongs to lovers newly wed, we have in place of it a substantial joy in the knowledge that we have tested our affection, and have found it true and abiding. We have gathered from the experience of our years together both peace and

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pleasure beyond anything of our early dreaming, and we know that our content in the past is, as well, assurance for the future.

Not least among the good things with which Providence has blessed us are the friends, so many of whom have assembled in a spirit of kindliness on this occasion. Our hearts go out to them in grateful recognition of all that their affection and companionship have meant to us in the past, and for all they may still mean in the days to come.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

(Guest)

ONE of the disadvantages of our present age is that we know too much. Not of what is good for us, but what is bad for us. The newspapers are splendid things, but they certainly are wonderful scavengers. Trouble is news, and they're after it all the time, and they surely get it. They print it under startling headlines, and we read it. One kind of trouble in which they most delight is the domestic. Anything of the sort that leads to the divorce court is beloved space-filling stuff for the papers. And we read it all. Naturally, the amount of that kind of thing which we read molds our opinion, makes us cynical, pessimistic. Then, too, there are the humorous, to whom every married pair is Mr. and Mrs. Nag, or Wrangle, or Jarr. We acquire a

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habit of thinking of any married couple as hypocritical deceivers or cantankerous scrap-pers, or the like. It is, then, with something of astonishment that we consider an example such as this pair whom we are met together to honor. For, they in their persons and in their life of union present an example of just those things that have no news value for the newspapers, and so are never exploited in the columns of the press. They are such things, too, as make no appeal to the professional humorist as material for his jokes. Yet, these things are the things worth while, and when we consider them, we recognize their worth, we esteem them as precious. This married couple presents in the community a wholesome example. They are very human and very lovable, and we have all been drawn to them by personal qualities that have commanded both respect and liking. But, beyond such individual characteristics, there exists another power of appeal to our admiration in the fact that their union displays the ideal of marriage realized. Their home life is not merely decent

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and respectable, not merely virtuous even. It is all these, but it is also something vastly more important, something nobler and finer. It is a home life that is warmed and made beautiful by love and tenderness. It is a home life illuminated by a radiance of spirit that shines forth to brighten all life round about. The life of these two, and its worth, is not to them alone. It is an agent for good in the community. It touches each of us, and inspires us to higher aspiration, to a new confidence in ourselves and in our fellows.

PRESENTATION OF A TROPHY

IT is my agreeable task to act in behalf of my fellows as spokesman in the presentation of this trophy to him who has won it by his unusual skill in the game. The trophy itself is a beautiful thing, but it has a beauty deeper than that which appeals to the eye alone. It is, indeed, a symbol; it is an outward, material sign of an inward grace. It is actually a proof as to our recognition of the sportsmanlike qualities of its recipient. It bears witness not only to dexterity in the playing of a game, but also to the character of its winner as a man who plays the game fairly, according to the best traditions of the pastime.

In the association of individuals for sport, their mettle is well tried. The intimacy of the relation is such as to test character with peculiar exactness. Because of the interest aroused by such contests of skill, the emotions

PRESENTATION OF A TROPHY

of the players are stirred to great activity. Each contestant wishes to win, he desires success, and strives for it eagerly. He is likely to be dismayed by his errors, to be exultant over his skillful plays. A victory thrills him with pleasure, a defeat fills him with dejection. But the sporting spirit compels him to restrain his natural feeling, whether of joy or of chagrin, so that he shall not in conquering become a braggart, or in defeat a grouch. It is this sporting spirit that gives to games rightly played their value among men, not merely as a means of recreation, but as a most valuable training of the character. The qualities that render a player popular among his fellow players, are just those qualities calculated to make him popular among his associates in the world at large. Moreover, the qualities that enable him to achieve a triumph in the combat of skill in the game are exactly those qualities which are likely to secure his success in the larger struggle of professional or business affairs.

So, in presenting this trophy, we offer to its

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winner not alone a material evidence of his prowess, in the sport, but also a proof of his sterling excellence, and, further, a witness of the friendly regard and admiration borne toward him by his fellows.

ACCEPTANCE OF A TROPHY

IT is with deep pleasure that I receive this trophy. I need not deny that in the pleasure there is more than a little pride. Learned men tell us that there is always pleasure in the exercise of faculty. It is for that reason that skill in any pursuit gives its owner a special and constant satisfaction. This is true either for work or for play, and it is equally true whether the particular task be of the highest or of the humblest. The carpenter who can handle a tool deftly has an agreeable pride in his accomplishment that tends to make labor pleasant. The woman who can make a bed perfectly finds a distinct sense of well-being in the exercise of her art. There is no difference in the degree, between carpenter or housewife and the genius who creates an epic or the statesman who molds the

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destiny of a nation. In sport, this exercise of faculty is the source of a pleasure that continues without any weariness in repetition. Bad playing causes chagrin, but it is the spur to that persistent effort which brings improvement and at last the keen joy of accomplishment.

For my own part, I have earned some measure of success by hard work, but I humbly accept good fortune as a big factor in the final victory. And my best fortune, after all, is that I may regard this trophy not so much as the memorial of my success in the game, but rather as a tribute to the sporting spirit of my fellows, of which I am the happy recipient.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

(To a Personage)

IT is our pleasure on this occasion to receive among us a personage of special distinction. His presence with us is indeed an honor that we keenly appreciate. It is possible, even probable, that oftentimes a person who does much and amounts to much in the world feels that honest and unselfish endeavor is little appreciated. It is for this reason that I wish now to emphasize the fact that the work accomplished by our guest is not only known to us, but is, too, honored by us. It has been of such a character as to tax the strength of both body and mind, and the strength as well of the spirit. In that triple strength has lain the secret of his success—that success which we so greatly esteem, for which we and countless of our fellows are grateful.

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The success to which our guest has attained was in no wise due to luck, though we may believe that Providence has given him power. It has been a success founded on the solid rock of integrity, and built up with painstaking care out of the products of a brilliant brain and a generous heart. That sort of success is of worth to the world. In the balance of spiritual things, it is true that as one gives, so he receives. This man has given greatly out of his abundance, and so, too, he has received in corresponding measure. Thus it is that as he has worked so mightily and has accomplished so splendidly, he has developed a personality in which we realize true greatness.

We offer him with fitting humility our welcome, in the hope that its sincerity may give him pleasure.

RESPONSE

HUMILITY is for me, rather than for those who welcomed me with a kindness that touches me deeply. It is pleasant, indeed, for one to feel that he is appreciated. But, to one who searches his own soul, sincere praise is something to render him humble, even while it stirs his pride. For, as one comes to see clearly, he must realize ever more fully how far short he falls in the accomplishment of his ideals. It is thus that the honors paid him, while they flatter, force him to recognize how little they are deserved. But they are none the less a help. They are an incentive always to new and better endeavor. The words that have just been spoken as representative of the spirit of this assembly toward me shall remain as something very dear in memory. And not

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only as something dear, but also as something with a vital quality of its own to increase my strength for new and better labors.

WELCOME

(To One Returning)

WE of this community feel a particular pleasure in welcoming among us our guest here, who is, in fact, one of us by birth and by the years lived with us. He went out from among us to engage in his activities in a broader field of endeavor. He comes to visit us for old time's sake, to renew past friendships, to refresh himself both physically and in the spirit with the breath of his native air. Whatever changes he may find here are chiefly of a superficial sort. The sentiment and the life of our neighborhood remain essentially unchanged, even though we pride ourselves on a progressive spirit which shows clearly and proudly in many aspects. Unchanged, indeed, is our feeling of respect and

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friendship toward this guest whom we still count as one of ourselves.

It is true that when he departed from us he nevertheless took with him the spirit of the community. There is, in fact, in every community its own distinctive life, its individual manner of thought and feeling. One reared within such an atmosphere is inevitably influenced by it. He is, in very definite ways, molded by his environment. Thus, always, there are traits of character that mark the generality of residence in any region. So, of our guest: We may believe that he has carried with him out into the world something in his manhood that has the quality of our life. We dare to claim to our credit some part in the success achieved by him in an honorable career. Though separated from us, he has remained in some measure a part of us, so that we feel a degree of gratification and pride in his achievement.

Beyond this communal appreciation of our guest, we feel toward him a deeper and nobler emotion, one that is surely personal—endur-

WELCOME

ing friendship. It is this feeling of friendly affection that I now voice in behalf of this community toward him whom we are here met to honor.

RESPONSE

THIS welcome from you means much to me. Ambition may send one from home to seek his fortune among strangers, but affection is always tugging at his heartstrings to bring him back again. Somehow, the old things and the old friends have a power that rests unweakened through all the years. In the press of affairs, it may be thrust back out of consciousness, its urge may be resisted, but always it remains a living force, so that, when the opportunity comes, it surely drives one to return. Here, as I find myself again with you amid scenes so familiar and so dear, I experience a joy and a peace that are new and very precious. There is, of course, sadness—over the passing on of loved ones, yet this feeling does but emphasize and refine the sentiments

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so keenly felt. To me, this return is truly a coming home. The place itself seems wonderfully friendly to me, and the people seem more wonderfully friendly still. I am grateful to Providence that has at last brought me home again. I am grateful as well to kindly friends and neighbors who make me realize the blessed fact that this is truly home.

FAMILY REUNION

FAMILY pride is one of the commonest of human failings; it is one of the commonest of human virtues. Sometimes, as in the case of the Chinese, the worship of the ancestors is made a religion. Over against this there is the instance of a great general who rose from peasant stock, who, when twitted on his humble origin by some sprig of nobility boasting a long line of titled ancestors, declared grimly:

“I myself am the ancestor.”

Family pride is a vice when the pride is in vicious things. There have been families that boasted of a frightful temper; others that bragged of being spendthrifts; and so on. Examples are not far to seek in any community. Often, heredity has little if anything to do with the curse of drinking or gambling

FAMILY REUNION

or loose living of any sort. Instead, the evil is more likely to be the product of example along with the powerful suggestions from family tradition.

Family pride is a virtue when it inspires virtue. When one knows that he is born of good stock, he has the right to a feeling of self-respect due to just that single fact. He may properly congratulate himself on having as forebears men and women of a wholesome sort, possessed of both intelligence, industry and integrity. Whatever may be the disputes of the learned as to the extent of the influence of heredity on the human mind and character, we know for a certainty that qualities are definitely transmitted in families, that ability and merit run with the blood just as surely as do form and features for the body. And here, again, just as in the case of the vices, the virtues of a family are nourished and strengthened and made effective by constant suggestion from the family tradition. The family pride in its worth becomes itself a spur to emulation, an incentive to equal, even to sur-

pass, in his own person, the virtues of those from whom he has derived his being.

Nevertheless, at this point, it is needful for us to note that family pride becomes a peril to the individual character when it induces self-complacency without any stimulus toward personal activity. Such pride becomes a curse to one who esteems himself great or worthy merely because his ancestors were great or worthy. Such a person is a parasite for whose existence there is no excuse. Family pride, if it is to be tolerated, must be an energizing force, by which one is compelled to achieve according to the utmost of his powers. He must vindicate by his own worth his right to pride in a worthy ancestor. Otherwise, their worthiness must become his shame.

For ourselves, we have reason doubly to rejoice. Our family in the past has accomplished much to make it respected and distinguished among men, and those of this generation have not been found wanting. On the contrary, our men and women of to-day in their various fields of activity are demonstrat-

FAMILY REUNION

ing anew those sterling qualities of our race that have made it honorable in the past.

All honor to our tribe! And may we and those to follow us be worthy! May our deeds and lives add to its renown!

Hail to the name of——!

COMMENCEMENT

THERE is always a profound interest that attaches to this occasion. Commencement day, whether of school or college, is a milepost that marks a definite stage of the journey through life. It indicates the conclusion of a certain cycle in the individual existence and the beginning of another cycle. It denotes the ending of a course of preparation and the readiness for undertaking new activities. It is especially a time for triumphant anticipations. Study and training are by no means always pleasant. They are sometimes tedious and toilsome. But, as a whole, the years of making ready are pleasant, and the pleasure that belongs to them is made keen by the spirit of youth. That the period of learning is for the most part agreeable is fortunate indeed,

COMMENCEMENT

since it is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the individual. The learning thus acquired is of exceeding value. We of to-day, with our familiarity, as to matters of education, are likely to fail somewhat in appreciating how great this boon is. In past ages, learning was limited to the very few, and even then was meager and inaccurate almost beyond our power of conception. Moreover, learning is by no means broadcast throughout the world to-day. Only comparatively a small number of the nations give universal schooling to their citizens. I speak of these things in the hope of arousing in you a real gratitude toward that Providence which has set you in a time and place of so great privileges. Sometimes, doubtless, you have felt rebellious against the monotony of routine tasks. But such feeling was the mood of a moment, a fitting annoyance. Over against it you have the proud consciousness of an educated intelligence. You have benefited by a blessing that is the very crown of our civilization. It is for you to prove your appreciation of that bless-

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ing by the use you shall make of it in the days to come. It is my hope for each of you that in the living of your lives you may justify and realize the happy anticipations that make glad this hour.

BIRTHDAY

OUR forefathers had a pleasant custom of laying down a special bin of wine when an heir was born, so that the time-mellowed beverage should be ready for the drinking of his health on his coming of age. While still an infant, he might be nominated for membership in a club where the waiting list was long, in order that he might be sure of its privileges on attaining his majority. In the case of royalty the queens giving birth to a son as heir to the throne has always been an occasion for a nation-wide festival. What with Volstead, the unpopularity of royalty and our own station in life, the first birthday fails to stir the country as a whole to rejoicing. Nevertheless though without embellishments, a birthday of itself is the most important thing that can happen to anyone. So far as our limited knowl-

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edge goes it is the beginning of life, and life is the greatest of possessions, that possession on which all else is conditioned.

As it is the chief boon, so life is also the chief mystery. None, not even the wisest, knows aught of its ultimate sorts. Haeckel declared that the secret of life must forever elude the searching of science. We may learn much of physics and of chemistry and of the constitution of matter, but we cannot penetrate beyond the veil. Nor need we. It is enough for us that this treasure is bestowed upon us, that to us is given the use of it for the development of ourselves, for the growth of character. Along with the mysterious gift, there comes to us as well a companion mystery, the conscience, which, from its high place within the soul, seeks to guide toward righteousness the life of each of us.

As one comes to maturity, the anniversary of birth is likely to prove a day for self-reckoning. As one year of life ends, and another begins, it is natural to review the immediate past, perhaps, too, the years more remote, to

BIRTHDAY

study them in an effort to understand wherein the life has been right, wherein it has been wrong, and, along with this, to resolve for the future toward betterment.

It is not necessary that life should be all happiness. On the contrary, it seems sure that man must struggle in order to grow strong, and this is true not merely as to the physical life, but in even greater measure as to the mind and the spirit. The poet has rightly said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Nobility of character is born of suffering. The test of greatness is its strength to overcome the evil of circumstances. It is just here that we should be glad that destiny has given us a religion of hope. We are not promised final annihilation, as are the Buddhists, whose conditions of life were so hard that to be done with living seemed the supreme blessing. We are born to a land and an age that offers us fullness of life here, and to a religion that promises us something infinitely better for the life to come.

Mrs. Eddy is on record in disapprobation of

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all anniversaries. She condemns them as encouraging the idea that there is a reality to material things. I am inclined to be more lenient. But the anniversary, more especially the birthday, should never be a time for mourning over what is past and done. Instead, it should be made a new starting place for the keenest appreciation of life, for the winning of the best that life has to give, and for a clearer consciousness as to just what life means, both in this world and the world to come. None of us is responsible for his first birthday. But each of us is responsible for the use he makes of the gift thus bestowed upon him.

PRESENTATION OF A GOLF TROPHY

SOME duffer friend of Mark Twain's, so it is said, once invited the writer to play a round of golf with him at the club. The duffer was a genuine duffer. And to help matters along, he was somewhat fussed with the presence of the great author when he teed off for the first shot. The consequence was that he flubbed terribly, missed the ball and dug up a couple of clods of dirt and sod with the head of his driver.

Seeking to cover his embarrassment as much as possible, the duffer said, "How do you like our links, Mr. Clemens?"

"Fine, fine," said his partner, spitting out a mouthful of sand. "Best I ever tasted!"

The only real connection I mean to make between this anecdote and the presentation of this cup to our friend ——, winner of the

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—— Tournament, is the sincere hope that this victory is “the best he has ever tasted.”

It may not have been the easiest victory he has ever won. Perhaps it is not the most decisive or the most one-sided. Those things I do not know. But I do know that it was well played, hard fought and fairly contested. That is what counts. That is what really makes victory sweet and defeat bearable.

This trophy is, therefore, more than a commemoration of your winning score—it is a testimonial to your clean playing, your unswerving determination and your generosity and gracefulness as a victor just as much as it is a reward for deft putting and accurate driving. So with as much pleasure as you can possibly experience in receiving it, we present to you, Mr. ——, this silver cup, properly inscribed, in official recognition of your excellent score in the recent tournament in which you defeated all competitors for this honor.

If you will look inside, you will conclude that the cup is empty. But it is not. It is full of something which you cannot see but which

PRESENTATION OF A GOLF TROPHY

is perfectly obvious to me. Examine it more closely and you will find the contents consisting of our unbounded applause, our hearty congratulations, our keen admiration—and our jealous envy!

May this trophy wear you well. May it serve to encourage and reward you. And may it become only one of many!

ACCEPTANCE OF GOLF TROPHY

IF I were a speaker, Sir, it might be possible for me to tell you how much I appreciate your extreme kindness in prefacing this presentation with your glowing comments. I thought I was playing for a cup. But I find that your compliment becomes the actual prize with this handsome trophy as a permanent reminder of this occasion.

My friend, Mr. —, the runner-up, really deserves at least half of this cup. He made me do this. He furnished the driving power and put up such a stiff, clever game from the first tee to the eighteenth that I think a bottle of nerve tonic or a box of powders for my palpitating heart would be as appropriate for me to receive from you as this beautiful cup.

I don't believe there will ever be a better moment than now for me to tell you and him how much I appreciate his sportsmanship and your kindness. I shall treasure this award and

ACCEPTANCE OF GOLF TROPHY

this memory because it means so much more to me than just a hard-played golf game.

I am deeply indebted to you all—but I really can't think of anything more original to say than just, "Thank you." You know that is sincere.

*FAREWELL SPEECH AT A BON
VOYAGE PARTY*

FOR some unknown and fiendish reason they have elected me to stand up here in all my grief and say a few parting words to our friend who is about to leave us. It is pretty harsh treatment for an individual who has never been guilty of any misdeed that would justify this heartless torture.

Oh, don't get me wrong—it isn't that I complain about having to talk. You all know that there is nothing I like better. But to talk without visible signs of collapse in the face of our impending loss is quite a different matter. If I had my way, I'd confine my remarks to the two lines of the Scottish poet—for I think they are eloquent in their brevity:

“There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa.”

SPEECH AT A BON VOYAGE PARTY

Yet, if I sat down abruptly after that quotation, the cash customers would feel that they had been cheated!

If I could think of any more appropriate lines from Scottish poets I'd cheerfully quote them. But I can't. Those, in fact, are the only two I ever knew. So I must resort to my own lame prose to tell you, my departing friend, that I would far sooner pack up my duds and leave this merry company with you than see you pack up your duds and leave me and them alone.

Appreciating, as you do, the personal charm and attractiveness of this assemblage, you can see with half an eye how highly your own presence is rated around these parts!

To give up these associations would be quite a task. Yet it would be worth it, indeed, if the reward were the continuation of my association with you.

We have had our heads together frequently since we learned of your intention, trying hard to rig up some pretext with which to prevent your leaving. Yes, we are that selfish! But

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fortunately for you, and unfortunately for us, the connivings and plots all fell through. We have been compelled to give up the ghost and to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable.

So with artificially stiffened upper lips and temporarily reënforced spines, we rise on this painful occasion to wish you Good Luck, Happiness and God-speed.

If you regret this parting one-half as much as we do, you're a pretty miserable traveler!

*RESPONSE OF DEPARTING GUEST
AT BON VOYAGE PARTY*

BY the simple device of inserting two small bits of blotting paper behind my eyes I have successfully coped with one of the several problems that confront me this evening. Without these aids the torrent of tears provoked by my departure would course down these furrowed cheeks and cover the adjoining guests with spray. As the matter stands now, the only difference between Lot's wife and me is that I am turning to salt from within instead of from without. However, I am slower at it than Mrs. Lot, and I hope to be able to choke out a few words of thanks and farewell before I am completely converted into one large tear.

I am somewhat ashamed of the manner in which I depart. It is somewhat similar to the system employed by tramps and hoboes—they

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eat your food and then "hit the pike." So before I leave I cheerfully volunteer to saw some wood for you or mow the lawns of the entire assemblage or weed all your gardens. (Stops to look at watch.) That is to say, I *would* cheerfully volunteer to do that except for the fact that I really haven't the time! However, I could stand up and talk to you until you were all "sawing wood." That would be much easier—for me.

But we must be friends, so let us not talk about work. The point is that I am leaving. Before I go I want to do two things. First, I would like the names and addresses of all those who would like to receive post cards from me. Pads and pencils will be passed around. If you aren't prepared to attach stamps, why just drop a penny per card in the hat. If you would rather receive telegrams, collect, just signify your preference in the usual manner. We aim to please!

Secondly, I want to thank you as heartily as I can for the nice things you've said about me to-night; for the handsome send-off you have

RESPONSE OF DEPARTING GUEST

given me; and for the wonderful spirit that provokes this kindness. For a long time I have looked forward with pleasure to my trip. But you folks are so nice—so blamed nice—that it changes my whole tune. Now I am looking forward with keen anticipation to my return.

I hope you understand how deeply I feel and how truly appreciative I am!

LAYING A CORNERSTONE

(Introductory Remarks)

WE are gathered here to-day, my friends, for the memorable task of fixing in its place the cornerstone of a structure that is not only a building, but a monument as well.

This work represents a great deal more than plain mechanical genius or construction skill. As a building dedicated to its established purpose it will perform a function that can better be described by those accomplished speakers who are to follow me.

The thing that impresses me so deeply at this moment is the great intangible force which constitutes the foundation of this work.

That force, my friends, is Coördination.

It was coördination of thought that first conceived the idea and the ideal which are the germ of this structure. It was coördination that made possible the development of

LAYING A CORNERSTONE

those ideas and ideals. It was coördination that enabled us to capitalize that development, to enlarge its scope, to refine its operation and to better direct its aims. Coördination started us on our way, kept our feet to the road, maintained our courage and hope, sustained our enthusiasm and loyalty, led us to this happy moment.

In the bed-rock beneath this structure, in the mortar between those bricks; in the firm steel girders which will lend strength to this building, coördination is an ever-present ingredient.

This building is built of stone and unity of purpose; steel and common accord; brick and united effort.

Whatever may be the name by which the people shall identify it, we shall always know that it is a monument to coördination!

*AT AN ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF
A BUSINESS HOUSE*

IT was Cicero, I believe, who said:

“There is no more sure tie between friends than when they are united in their objects and wishes.”

If we set out to find evidence in support of that sentiment, it would not be necessary for us to travel very far. For here we all are celebrating the ——th anniversary of the founding of the concern in which we ourselves are so closely united.

We are friends, I think. At least we are friends after office hours! I know what the Collection Department thinks of the Salesmen and what the Salesmen think of the Order Department and what the Production Division says about the Accounting branch—and what the Adjustment Department feels about all of us. But the very fact that you may rise up in holy wrath and call me a “dumb bell” for

AT AN ANNIVERSARY DINNER

sending an order to file when it should have gone to the ledger clerk is ample proof of the unity which binds us here.

You know, of course, that I am not a "dumb bell"—that I am, in fact, an exceedingly clever fellow. But our object and our wish, from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night (taking an hour out for lunch!) is to accord the greatest satisfaction to the customers who deal with us. That is why we get so peeved when something goes wrong. It is nothing out of your pocket if I make a blunder. But it is something against the interests of the firm. That's what makes the difference. That is where our unity of "objects and wishes" comes to the surface with a vigorous rush.

We are united in the common determination to increase the Good Will this firm enjoys. Whether our contribution to that end be the turning of a machine lever, the typing of letters, the filling of orders or the sale of goods makes no difference. The point is we are earnest in the desire to give the best that is in

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us for the common cause. This Unity is 50 per cent responsible for the anniversary we now celebrate. Without it the company would have expired as others have since its founding. With only a portion of it, our progress would have been slow and feeble. We modestly take the credit for 50 per cent of the success of this concern.

In the same breath we place the other 50 per cent where it rightfully belongs. The other half of the responsibility for our growth rests with our respected President, Mr.——. His foresight, patience, liberality and acumen dovetail into our share with an uncanny precision.

So we say to you, Mr. —, straight from the shoulder and as one worker to another, your objects and wishes are our objects and wishes, your ambitions are our ambitions. We are united in a common cause. But the mortar which holds us together is not the stuff that comes in the pay envelope—it is your personality, your tact and the feeling of fellowship and devotion you have inspired in us.

AT AN ANNIVERSARY DINNER

As a testimonial of our support of that sentiment, we rise to our feet and drink a toast to you, our beloved chief, whose kindness has made unity here a pleasure worth fighting for!

*CHAIRMAN'S (OR TOASTMASTER'S)
OPENING REMARKS AT FRA-
TERNAL BANQUET*

NOW that we have all over-eaten, let us be patient until the arrival of the ambulances.

Until they come to take us away the performers of the evening will attempt to divert your minds from your impending dyspepsia. As the ring-master of the show, Lade-e-e-e-s an' Gentulmun-n-n, I shall proceed to unlimber the long whip. We have on this platform—step up closer, folks—the greatest aggregation of Language Punishers and Word Torturers in captivity. Seven—count 'em!—seven, unusual, unequaled, unconventional, unrivaled, unmerciful, unaccustomed public speakers.

They will, without the aid of any mechanical device, take Fraternalism apart and put it together again before your very eyes—before your very eyes. There will not be a single spare part left over!

REMARKS AT FRATERNAL BANQUET

They will take you deep into the mysteries of Fraternal Spirit. They will explain why it is obligatory for one brother to repay money borrowed from another brother—they will show how much higher fraternal dues might be—they will demonstrate, before your very eyes, I said, the astounding truth that “rents is rents” no matter who meets in a fraternal hall!

Right here on this very platform and without the aid of any mechanical device this stupendous, staggering spectacle will be enacted for you. For a short time only—for a short time only, Lade-e-e-e-s an' Gentulmun-n-n-n. So step up closer so that all may hear and none may be disappointed! Short pee-pul to the front; tall ones to the rear. And let the little children have a chance—their money is as good as yours!

And now for the first speaker!

(From this point on the chairman must confine his remarks to an interesting introduction of each individual speaker, flavoring his humor with a serious touch as the occasion demands.)

ACCEPTING THE ELECTION TO AN OFFICE

GENTLEMEN, I am quite overwhelmed. I feel very much like George II did when the news was brought to him that his father had died and he was now King of England.

Sir Robert Walpole was the messenger and, much to George's disgust, he brushed past the servant who tried to block the path to his majesty's sleeping chamber. Kneeling before the sleepy monarch, Walpole said:

"I have the honor to announce to your majesty that your royal father died on Saturday at Osnaburg."

"That is one big lie," roared the frightened heir.

This news to-night, gentlemen, frightens me somewhat and prompts me to holler, "It is a lie!"

But I fear it is true. And I trust that you

ACCEPTING ELECTION TO AN OFFICE

will bear with me through my fright until such times as a normal calm closes over my trembling knees and enables me to say that I appreciate this honor far more than these frivolous remarks would indicate. It is a custom of mine to become frivolous upon the first sign of approaching nervousness. And so you see me now!

The thing that alarms me more than anything else is the fear that I may not be able to live up to the rôle in which you have cast me. As far as my ambition and determination and desire are concerned, I am not worried. You have my earnest assurance that my motive power in this office shall be a vigorous intent to offer you the very best service it rests within my ability to give. The limitations of my experience and training you knew well enough before you took this plunge. For those I am not responsible now, for you have chosen me in spite of all the derogatory things that could be said about me.

But for my performance and my accomplishments—and most especially for my zeal

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and perseverance and purpose—I am wholly responsible. And on that score, my friends, I pledge you the best that is in me.

Let me remind you, nevertheless, that your task, as well as mine, has just begun. The fact that you have elected me to this office does not mark the end of your labors. You must stay with me. You must lend me your hearty support.

I am standing here before you and promising to do the best I can. But I must ask you to promise as much for me. I must ask for your patience, your backing, your generosity, your gracious help. Above all I must have your frank opinions and your honest, candid criticism.

If we are to build, we must build together. It is only by the virtue of unity that we can accomplish what we seek, for “the multitude which does not reduce itself to unity is confusion.”

I thank you!

*A TOAST AT A VICTORY BANQUET
FOR "THE TEAM"*

TO-NIGHT marks the end of a terrible season—a most horrible season—a fearfully disastrous season—
FOR OUR OPPONENTS.

The wall is lined with the scalps of those unfortunate victims of the stalwart —— (name of team) —— machine. And we, who have howled with glee at the massacre of the innocents, are gathered here to do homage to the victorious hosts. Like stalwart Alexanders with no more adversaries to conquer, you turn to food! And having reduced that to a state of complete subjection, we now ask you to lend us your ears while we tell you, once again, how good you are.

The thing we folks most appreciate is not the string of victories you have run up or the record scores you have turned in. Those things are important and we respect your abil-

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ity to accomplish them. But, after all, they are secondary in importance to two other features. The first is your courage and pluck that have turned more than one threatened defeat into ultimate victory. It is no honor to win hands down. Walk-aways look impressive, but it is no fun to be deprived of opposition. The real test of your sporting blood is your ability to crack the tough nuts—to win the close games—to pull those stirring rallies which are composed of 60 per cent nerve and 40 per cent skill. Those *were* victories: not only in the matter of scoring, but even more so in the matter of moral success.

Then, secondly, we honor you because you've earned your successes by clean playing. We have no use for pikers. If you had come home here with a string of a hundred victories, won by fair means or foul, our hearts wouldn't be in this celebration. But we've watched you under the stress of hard fighting when there is many a temptation to take advantages that are not allowed—when

A TOAST AT A VICTORY BANQUET

the very spirit of retaliation prompts you to do what the other fellow is doing—and we want you to know that after what we have seen, we have brought our hearts with us to this gathering to-night. We're with you, boys, heart and soul. You have not only won consistently. You have also won in the face of odds—and you have played the clean game.

I pledge a toast, then, to our team—a bunch of true-blue sportsmen who never have to rely on the rule book for their spirit! May our toasts to victory be always couched in the present tense!

JUDGES' AWARD AT CONTEST
(Preliminary Remarks of Chairman)

AS Chairman of the Judges' Committee, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am bringing to you the official announcement of the prize awards in this gripping contest which has just been enacted before us.

Nothing could be more pleasant than the opportunity of sitting here as a witness of the proceedings. Yet nothing could be more upsetting than the task of deciding just which of these sterling performances appears better than another.

It was my suggestion, when the committee retired, that we split the booty, as it were, and give everybody a first prize. This was overshadowed by the suggestion of one of the other judges that we keep the first prizes for ourselves, declaring a tie for the remaining

JUDGES' AWARD AT CONTEST

awards. The more mercenary of the trio insisted that we auction off the awards.

Having got through with our playful moments leading up to the awful crisis, we then put our minds to the business for which we were engaged on such handsome salaries. And after a bitter wrangle, in which much blood was spilled, we came to the unanimous conclusion that the First Prize should be awarded to—— (name of winner)——.

Note: The winners of the other prizes should be announced to relieve the tension, and then the reasons for the awards should be explained.

It is our earnest hope that these decisions meet with your general approval. Our course was directed by a cold-blooded weighing of the facts as they appeared to us in the light of our experience and observation and firm desire to be just.

ARMISTICE DAY INTRODUCTION
(Introductory Address Suitable for Any War Anniversary Occasion)

ON the tenth of June, 1914, a man was shot at Sarajevo.

Nine-tenths of the inhabitants of nine-tenths of the civilized nations of the world had never heard of that man. But his murder started the wheels of state moving. He was the Archduke Francis, of Austria. He was killed by a Serb. And the shot that snuffed out his life started the World War!

We are gathered here to-day to celebrate the ——th Anniversary of ——. A span of —— years has passed since that revolver barked out its challenge to autocracy. We find ourselves somewhat hazy, if not entirely oblivious, to the seemingly unimportant event of which I speak. The details are forgotten. Many things have happened since

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then. The world has been made over, we are a different people, with changed viewpoints, enlarged experiences and a horrible past.

But time flies. How recent it does seem, when we think of it, that the newspapers carried casual notices of Austria's declaration of war against Serbia. Two months after that the Hun stepped across the French border at Cirey, marched into Brussels and bombarded Louvain. Then came stories bearing the names of the Marne, Ypres, Salonica, Verdun, Jutland and the Somme. There was the report of the first terrible gas attack, the news of the British tanks, the submarines. Then the Americans came in and the war fervor swept us from coast to coast. Meanwhile we read of the Russian collapse, the seventy-five-mile gun, the night bombers, the Italian rout and their majestic recovery: St. Mihiel, the Argonne, St. Etienne, Sedan—the Armistice!

To-night we stand here and in a couple of hundred hasty words sum up the years of suffering and disaster that were crawling so painfully by such a short time ago. Yet be-

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fore the echo of that pistol shot in Sarajevo had ceased clattering down the portals of Time, 7,554,000 men had laid down their lives and 17,000,000 others had been wounded in the mad fury let loose by that solitary revolver bullet!

Before that echo died, 5 per cent of the populations of the warring nations had been killed by that shot. The fateful pistol cost but a few dollars and the bullet cost but a few cents. But the ultimate cost of that simple little machine of death was more than two hundred billion dollars.

Because an archduke nobody ever heard of died in Sarajevo, fifty-seven million men went to war and 13 per cent of them died in action!

Because one Austrian family incurred a funeral bill that ran over a thousand dollars, the civilized world locked horns in a feud that was costing over one hundred million dollars a day in 1918!

To-day we are gathered together to celebrate an anniversary, growing from that momentous event, that is close to all of us. In

ARMISTICE DAY INTRODUCTION

prosperity and health and renewed power we reflect to-night on the years so recently devoted to war.

The ceremonies which are to follow will have their appropriate significance. The speakers to come will impress upon you the many related truths pertinent to this occasion.

Before they commence I want to ask one thing of you. I want to ask you to turn your memories back to those tearful, bitter days when your sons and brothers tore themselves away from your clinging arms to turn their faces toward the enemy.

We pledged to them then the avowal that we were entering into that war to *end all war*. Let us bow our heads for one full minute of silent reflection—and ask ourselves if we, and our official representatives, are living up to the promise we made to the seven million men who have not returned to find out if we meant what we said!

Note: If the speaker will then bow his head and remain standing in absolute silence with his eyes covered, the conclusion of this address will be highly effective.

SOLICITING FUNDS

ONE of the most frequent reasons the average citizen has for making speeches is his interest in some campaign soliciting funds for a charitable or social purpose. As a committeeman on his church board, hospital drive or relief organization, he may meet with frequent occasions for public appeals for donations.

The subject is in itself worthy of a complete volume. Money-raising methods, plans and stunts are not exactly in the field of this book, and it is not our intention to cover them. The management of a campaign or drive is a separate topic commanding skill and wide experience of a specialized type.

It seems reasonable, however, to include here a few samples of model talks for the man or woman who may be confronted with the single proposition of standing on a plat-

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form and persuading sophisticated, calloused audiences to put down real money for a charitable purpose.

As will be pointed out in another section of this book, speech making is salesmanship, purely and simply. But when the purpose of the speech is to collect money, it is the hardest kind of salesmanship, no matter how worthy the cause. The one thing most solicitors seem to forget is that there are scores of other worthy causes asking for money all the time and that it is perfectly human for the average person to grow weary of contributing.

This is not because the average person is not charitably inclined. It is simply because the average person is not as intimately acquainted with the need for continued charity as is the speaker. If he could only see what you see or what your workers see, then he would not hesitate to chip in again. The speaker's problem is to show him.

Speaking along the lines of solicitation meetings in general, it needs to be said that any audience is a conglomeration of tempera-

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ments. You have the hard-headed, hard-fisted type, the emotional type; the analytical type. You have the cold-blooded, the sceptical, the indifferent, the unresponsive, the argumentative, the stingy, and the thoughtless listener just as surely as you have the open-hearted, free-spending, whole-souled contributor who constitutes the backbone of every effort to better the lot of the unfortunate. So ordinarily no single speaker, unless he be an exceedingly accomplished man, can get the maximum possible results out of such a gathering.

Three or four speakers of different types, each speaking for five minutes or less, will go further than one average man speaking for fifteen or twenty minutes. Because in such an alignment of speakers you can usually cover the matter-of-fact, analytical group with one talk; the emotional, sensitive group with another, and so on. We have all heard about the pangs of hunger. Although we may never have suffered them to any serious extent, we are calloused to the appeal. To throw it at

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us for twenty minutes might kill the contributions. But to harp on the economic value to the city of voluntary, wisely directed charity might swing the whole meeting.

That is not a formula: that is merely an illustration. It serves to emphasize the need for varied appeals to varied people in order to accomplish the maximum result.

A few very brief sample speeches covering some of the many phases of charity work are set down in the following pages. We make no attempt to cover this subject thoroughly because it could not be done here. But treating it as a department of the main topic in which we are interested, Soliciting Funds is partially a speaker's problem subject to the fundamental rules of speech making. These samples merely employ those fundamentals.

A GENERALIZED SPEECH ON THE NEAR EAST RELIEF

Note: The following is an address given at a conference in Philadelphia by Mr. John W. Mace, of the Near East Relief. It is an excellent example of the interesting method of building a case on facts of historic and, therefore, general interest. This type of talk lends itself admirably to the purpose of the first speaker of several who may be addressing an audience on the same subject.

"The eyes of the world are now turned on the Near East. Smyrna has fallen. The Turk is back in Constantinople. A great group of diplomats has met at Lausanne in an effort to settle the troublesome Near Eastern question.

"There is danger, however, of placing too much stress on what either the soldier or diplomat may do. Forces other than political must be reckoned with in reaching a solution of this vexatious problem. For my part, in look-

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ing to the future of the Near East, I would rather pin my faith on what the American relief forces are doing in their constructive child-saving program, than on the most promising feats of political statecraft.

"We are fearfully stupid in our appraisal of true values. Too frequently we overlook the importance of the child—the untold potentialities of the race of children born into the world each year.

"I was reading, not so long ago, an essay by F. W. Boreham, the Australian preacher-essayist, on the subject of babies. It was built around events of the year 1809.

"You will remember that during that eventful year, the year that the battle of Wagram was fought, the minds of men everywhere were filled with fearsome apprehension regarding Napoleon Bonaparte. He was the center of world thought and attention, strutting up and down Europe, seeking new worlds to conquer and new crowns to wear. Wherever, in England, Scotland, or the United States, men gathered together to talk over the events of

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the time, their all-absorbing topic was Napoleon. It seemed inevitable that he would take the world by storm; that there was no escaping the conquest of his flaming sword.

“While the minds of men were thus engrossed, however, history of another sort was making itself. In the momentous year of 1809 there was born in Liverpool a baby who was named William Ewart Gladstone. The same year in England saw the birth of another baby, who was given the name of Charles Darwin. Still other babies born in England that year were Alfred Tennyson, Edward Fitzgerald, Fanny Kemble, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; while over in Central Europe Frederic Chopin and Felix Mendelssohn first saw the light of day. In America, in New England, were born Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edgar Allan Poe; and out in the back woods of Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln.

“In the year 1809, people, even very intelligent people, were not thinking particularly about the birth of these babies. They seemed a matter of minor importance. Instead of

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thinking about babies, men were thinking about battles, especially the battles of Napoleon. Yet in the light of history, as we look back, it is clear that far more important than anything Napoleon was doing with his sword, was the advent of these babies. For the time came, when, as Victor Hugo says, 'The Almighty became bored with Bonaparte and brushed him aside.'

"The influence, however, of Lord Tennyson, Gladstone, Darwin, Chopin, Lincoln, and Poe, goes marching down the centuries. When I was in Transcaucasia last summer, a young Armenian boy, who was my interpreter, talked to me as we walked across the parade grounds of the old Russian barracks, wherein the Near East Relief is sheltering 18,000 orphans, almost incessantly of Abraham Lincoln.

"In the year 1923, as we think about the Near East, we are likely to think in terms of Kemal Pasha and his conquering sword. This is where we are short-sighted, for the real history of the Near East is not being made by Kemal Pasha and his Nationalists,

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but by the men and women of America who, under the banner of the Near East Relief, have brought into orphanage schools and relief centers, all the way from Tiflis to the Bosphorus, and from Nazareth to Marathon, 115,000 fatherless and motherless children of martyred Christians.

"It is said that the teacher of Martin Luther always stood before his pupils with uncovered head in realization of the fact that there might be a great future leader in their midst.

"In a like spirit, the world to-day may well give pause to consider the vast inherent capacities of this nation of Near East children—these children, glowing with American ideals, fortified with new concepts of character, trained as children never have been trained in all the long history of the Near East, who will some day go forth to completely revitalize and rebuild the historic Bible Lands."

A SHORT SPEECH ON A CHRISTMAS FUND

(Suitable for a Concluding Address at a Meeting Just Prior to the Collection of the Contributions or the Distribution of Subscription Cards)

I HAVE just returned from a visit to the Indiana (insert name of state) headquarters of Santa Claus and I want to tell you about something I saw there that affected me deeply.

Santa's headquarters are very spacious, covering a number of floors in a large building and including many different departments, all highly organized. In one large room there fourteen clerks were busily writing on, filing and sorting cards. I noticed that they were divided quite obviously into two different groups: one consisting of yellow cards and the other of blue.

I asked one of the girls what these clerks were doing and just what those cards signi-

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fied, and she told me that this was Santa's mailing list and that these cards were being arranged in their proper order so that the routing clerks could fix up his route sheets. On those cards were the names of all the little boys and girls in —— (name of state) ——.

"Very efficient," I said. "But why the two colors?"

"Well," said the young lady, "these yellow cards contain the names of the boys and girls for whom gifts have been ordered. And those blue ones contain the names of the children for whom we have nothing. That big stack of empty bags in the corner corresponds to this list—there is an empty sack for every blue card!"

There they were—thousands of them. There were the yellow cards showing the names of the children who have homes and parents and friends, boys and girls who are never lonesome, whose hearts never feel that dull ache of despair—boys and girls who enjoy all year 'round the spirit that is simply magnified for them at Christmas time.

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And there were the blue cards—a cryptic choice of color! For that list is made up of the names of children with no homes, no parents, no friends to speak of—no hope. It is the list the route checkers leave out of their sheets because there are no toys, no shoes or stockings, no candy, no happiness of any kind for Santa Claus to leave at their fireplaces.

I saw that list, my friends, with its heap of empty sacks in the corner and I thought of the thousands of cheerless homes that were represented by those sickening blue cards. I thought of the happy morning that will bring its cargo of joy and gayety to your children and mine—the morning that will mean nothing but empty stockings and damp pillows for that long, long list of blue names.

As I stood there with my own lips pressed together to keep them still and thought of those hungry little hearts, their crushing disappointment and the salty tears that seem to trickle down the quivering chin no matter how stiff the upper lip may be, I wished to

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God I had the power to change every single blue card to yellow.

And then, my friends, I thought of you!

Do you think we can do it? **THERE IS STILL TIME!**

A SHORT GENERAL APPEAL FOR CHARITY

(A fictitious case has been used in this sample. In any concrete instance the actual details of one or more actual cases can be substituted to better advantage.)

WHEN I read the final report of the district worker on the case of Mrs. Carrie Lindstrom, I was reminded of those two significant lines from Byron:

“The drying up of a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.”

Mrs. Lindstrom had, indeed, shed seas of tears. Mr. Lindstrom had been fatally stricken with tuberculosis. A long, trying siege on the sick-bed had eaten up their meager savings, forced them to sell their belongings and plunged them into debt. When

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Mr. Lindstrom finally died he left a poverty-bound widow with three children, an empty pantry and a frightened helplessness aggravated by the awful snarls of the proverbial wolf at the door.

For two whole days prior to our relations with the case, this suffering woman had denied herself the few morsels of food at her command so that her trio of scrawny children might not suffer the acute pangs that bit into her own soul. The cold weather was due—and long before it came the rent-collector would appear with a steely glint in his eye.

Poverty, glorified by the well-to-do and the un-hungry, has no glamour in a bare room chilled by the sting of Autumn. It is a frightful thing. It rattles one's belief in God. It squashes one's morale—it converts the instinct of self-preservation and the sentiment of mother love into CRIME.

Mrs. Lindstrom was pressed just so far—but no further. We learned of her plight and went to her rescue, and her failing strength and weakening morals were revived

GENERAL APPEAL FOR CHARITY

in time to save four human beings for Society's progress.

When the news of her situation reached this society, the district agent started for the Lindstrom flat and, with an alacrity most surprising in professionally charitable circles, relief was afforded the miserable home.

I know of cases where similar unfortunates have been compelled to wait through days of investigations and verifications and reports—long enough, under the proper circumstances, to bring on either crime or sickness. But that does not apply in this organization. Mrs. Lindstrom needed help, not cross-examination—food, not chatter. And it was help and food that she got!

The district agent who appeared at her door was carrying a basket of eats—not a fountain pen and a questionnaire. Food first. Then a doctor, for the Lord knows they needed him. Some coal and enough ready money for the landlord, paid directly to him and not to some irresponsible individual.

After that we got the information and on

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the strength of that information were able to plan our course for the immediate future.

The Lindstroms are suffering no longer. They are out of the Shadow of Death, the Shadow of Hunger, the Shadow of Jail! They are in good hands—the hands of this society!

It is to keep them and their kind where they are now that we approach you for contributions to-night. It is to dry up those bitter tears of distress and suffering that we appeal to you for funds.

“The drying up of a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.”

It isn't often that a piece of paper from your check book can serve as a blotter for human tears!

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TWENTY thousand people sat broiling in the sun that beat down upon the glass roof of the Coliseum in Chicago. They were delegates and auditors to the Democratic Convention of 1896, before whom the great "Free Silver" battle was launched on the seventh of July, and they were keyed to an intense pitch by the excitement of the event.

The platform had been presented, Cleveland had been snubbed by the "machine"; a minority resolution was introduced commending the "honesty, economy, courage and fidelity of the present administration." Enraged by the report, Senator Tillman rushed to the platform and in a furious passion denounced President Cleveland as a "tool of Wall Street." Senator Hill, defending the minority resolution in a characteristic glacial manner, missed his opportunity to quell the riot which

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was now impending. His cold-blooded logic might have swayed an orderly gathering—but Tillman had inflamed this one to a fever pitch. Two other speakers followed him, but their efforts were ineffectual and the cursing, howling mob of twenty thousand maniacs jumped in their seats and howled down every one who attempted to talk.

Then a man stepped to the front of the platform to brave this raging cyclone of hoots and jeers. With a calm smile on his pointed features and an almost merry twinkle in his piercing eyes, he surveyed the bedlam with every appearance of ease and courage. Not a word did he utter. He just stood there. But his magnetism and his assurance were so powerful that in hardly more time than it takes to recount this anecdote a deadly cloak of silence fell over the vast auditorium. Personality overthrew the rabble single-handed, and without opening his smiling lips this lone man had achieved what three famous and accomplished orators had failed to do.

You know, of course, that it was William

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Jennings Bryan. For this was the occasion of his memorable speech which concluded with the lines:

“You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns—you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!”

The rest is history. Probably no such scene as followed the conclusion of this speech has ever been enacted at a political convention in this country. As a contemporary writer puts it, “twenty thousand men and women went mad with irresistible enthusiasm.”

We are not interested in the politics, the principles or the personalities of this occasion here. It has been cited as the foreword to a discussion of Radio Broadcasting for the purpose of drawing to your attention the change that is now looming up on the horizon of public speaking.

Through the medium of that great force we familiarly call “the Radio,” a man may speak to ten times twenty thousand people on any day or night of the week. But under no cir-

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cumstances could the drama of the Coliseum be repeated "over the air." For when you speak on the Radio you are deprived of every single device so dear to the heart of the professional orator. You have no brass band, no flag waving, no cheer leaders, no agitators to stir up the mob feeling of the assemblage—no mob psychology. Because you are not addressing a "mob"—you are speaking to so many *individuals*, gathered together in individual groups of two or three or five; separated from each other by many miles of territory.

After centuries of unchanged methods, during which speech making remained essentially the same problem from generation to generation, we find ourselves confronted with a new element in the art of public expression.

Heretofore successful speakers have relied on many natural attributes for effectiveness. There has been the powerful-lunged political spell-binder—there has been the well-groomed, pleasing-to-look-at gentleman—

there has been the athletic, gesticulating speaker. Run your mind over the long string of orators who have helped make history in the past and the memory sticks on names like Patrick Henry, Douglas, Webster, Clay, Bryan, Wilson, Roosevelt, Choate; each with his own peculiar style and method—each with a power never to be imitated by any other. Personality, demeanor, gesture and eccentricity played their parts in the success of those speakers.

And now comes the Radio. And with it we hear the death knell of the old-time orator. The little metal microphone, staring in a cold and lifeless way from its perch in front of the speaker in an empty room, signals the advent of a new school of oratory.

The Bryan personality and magnetism, the Wilson dignity, the Rooseveltian enthusiasm and action and infectious grin—what are these assets to a metal disk? Theodore Roosevelt, to take one instance, would probably lose 60 per cent of his old speaking power as a radio broadcaster. His voice, as those who knew

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him well can testify, was unfortunately weak, uncertain and, at times, piping. But the great "TR" sent the crowds away ignited with his message because he knew how to substitute physical gestures and individualism of manner for the vocal power he lacked.

Those things count for little in radio speaking. You can smile or frown, grin or glower, and nobody will see you except the control man who might inquisitively peep in through the glass door! Therefore, the Radio brings a new problem to the speaker—a problem of many phases. For not only is it true that you are deprived of all the time-honored aids to elocution when you "go on the air," but you find, at the same time, that you need more assistance and more skill now than you ever did before!

The speaker on the platform not only has the advantage of showing himself and his personality to his audience—he also benefits by being able to see the audience. If they become restless or bored or contrary minded, he can discover it at once. He can cut short

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his talk, change his tactics or mend his ways according to the contingency.

But remember that when you speak on the Radio you never know what is going on. In a hall the abrupt departure of five hundred guests would show you that things were not as promising as they might be. But on the Radio you can lose five thousand listeners in five minutes—and never know it! In the hall your auditor must get up and crawl over his neighbors' feet and walk to the door, thus making himself conspicuous. On the Radio he turns a knob and refreshes his wearied mind with a dash of dance music!

These facts make it quite obvious that a rare skill is the first asset of the man or woman who aspires to success as a radio broadcaster. Above all things, one must have the knack of catching and holding the interest. Not only is it essential that you say something the "silent audience" wants to hear. You must say it in a manner that makes it difficult for them to turn the fatal dial that drowns your efforts,

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as far as they are concerned, in an ocean of ether.

The voice itself is not nearly as important here as it is in direct speaking. First of all, you need not speak above an ordinary conversational tone—a volume loud enough to be understood by a person sitting ten feet away.

But the “color” of the voice becomes more important than ever. Inflection, emphasis, enunciation and clearness are vital. One should speak slowly and deliberately into the microphone—not more than one hundred words a minute, usually—but one must guard against a sing-song tone at all costs. Because most radio speeches are read and because they are delivered rather slowly, it is easy to fall into the habit of monotony. But it is fatal. There is no finger to point, no fist to pound, no arms to wave or outstretch, no back to bring you confidentially nearer the audience—the voice carries the whole load, and it *must do everything*.

It is truly a specialized form of speech mak-

ing. The man or woman who is accustomed to address audiences finds it extremely difficult to break into the habit of broadcasting. They miss the tension, the inspiration and the encouragement of a crowd assembled before them. They are lost without their well-known reactions from the gathering. There is no "come back," no applause, no support, no laughter, no enthusiasm whatever. You can't enjoy the sensation of hearing your voice boom across the hall—for you are speaking in a normal tone in a room that has been painstakingly and scientifically built soundproof, echo proof and thoroughly dead. So your voice sounds strange and hollow within this padded cell; its customary vibrancy and life are taken away by the asbestos ceiling and the six-inch floor and the insulated walls. It falls flat on your ears! Under those extraordinary conditions, with nobody in sight, you must work yourself and your audience into a fervor of enthusiasm.

This being the case, reading one's address has its dangers. The first temptation is to

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read too rapidly. The second is the risk of losing your own individuality. You must watch yourself constantly in order to avoid dropping into a monotone, thus destroying all of the benefits of connected delivery and unbroken discourse afforded by the manuscript.

Be that as it may, it is imperative that your address run along smoothly and evenly. You can't hem and haw and punctuate your remarks with long pauses—not while the average listener has a radio set that can bring him anywhere from five to twenty-five other programs that are being broadcast while you hesitate. Your talk must be pared to the bone, you cannot stall for time or beat the air for effects—you must speak with precision and dispatch, with interest and dramatic value, with reason and authority.

You must take advantage of every possibility that will enable you to hold the listeners. Talk facts. Play for suspense but don't overdo it. Get in the "human interest" flavor, the conversational narrative style as much as possible. Express yourself as dramatically as pos-

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sible—that is to say, strive for the most effective, the most striking phrase whenever there is a choice of more than one. Go over your lines many times, weed out the commonplace and substitute the sparkle and the zest that compel people to wait for more.

These are all generalities, to be sure. But they are the generalities that must be observed if you want to escape the fate of speaking into an immense and unresponsive void!

Sometimes advertising copy writers spend hours or days searching for a word or a headline that will cram the greatest amount of story into the least space. With “white space” costing several thousand dollars a page, every single word of text must carry its own share of the load—must earn its ground rent, as it were.

That is a good frame of mind to adopt in the preparation of a radio talk. You are not paying a thousand dollars for the medium. But you are capitalizing or wasting a thousand-dollar opportunity to put your message across—without raising your voice above a

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conversational pitch you are talking to more people at one time than could be jammed into the largest hall in America. And every time the suspense or the interest or the value of what you say strikes a lull, a thousand or more of those listeners "tune out." It is virtually impossible to over-emphasize that thought no matter how often we repeat it.

Covering the rudimentary details of broadcasting, we have the permission of Station WEAJ, of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, New York, to quote from their circular, "A Few Hints for Broadcast Artists." An abstract from this instruction sheet runs as follows:

"Radio broadcasting is a new and effective method of reaching the public.

"The radio audience is larger than that which can be assembled in all the theaters in New York City combined. At each radio set receiving your program, there are from one to two hundred or more listeners. The average is four persons—a small and inti-

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mate group, much better adapted to giving close attention to you than a large and distracting crowd.

"It is difficult to tell you how many persons will hear your performance. Although we do not attempt long-range transmission, our programs have been heard in England, in the Hawaiian Islands, in Yucatan and along the shores of Hudson Bay.

"In the area within a hundred miles of this station there are hundreds of thousands of receiving sets and a large and responsive audience. We are certain that contact with the radio audience gives you an opportunity to win more friends at one time than is possible by any other means.

"A broadcast performance is as personal and intimate as one given for a small group of friends in your own home. There is none of the annoyance and distraction occasioned by large audiences. The studio is comfortable, quiet and homelike.

"You need not raise your voice higher than you do when entertaining a group in a

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drawing-room. Although the radio audience is large, broadcasting requires the minimum of effort.

“When speaking over the radio telephone do not hurry—use a quiet, clear, slow and distinct voice of the same pitch that you use in addressing a group of five or six people seated around a table.

“Broadcasting is simple and easy. It not only overcomes distance but does so with the least possible effort and strain on the part of the artist.

“If you are accustomed to large audiences you may miss the applause which is often so freely given. But the radio audience is the most responsive which exists. To respond to you requires much greater effort than a mere automatic clapping of the hands. They must either telephone the station or go to the trouble of writing a letter of appreciation of your performance. Thousands of letters are received during each month expressing appreciation of the work of broadcast artists.

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"Your radio audience is composite and cosmopolitan. It is made up of people in cities and country districts; in homes and clubs. It includes the rich and the poor, the cultured and the uncultured, representing as many interests as all kinds of theater audiences combined.

"Your appeal to the radio audience is limited to one sense—the sense of hearing. Your appearance, postures, gestures and facial expression are not transmitted to the audience. Consequently, a selection, the successful rendition of which depends upon facial expression or gestures, often fails when sent out by radio telephony. When making up your program choose those selections with which you can do most by tonal interpretation."

One line that bears emphasis is: "Your radio audience is composite and cosmopolitan." That is something no speaker can afford to forget. If you are speaking in a hall

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for the Red Cross or are soliciting funds for a Salvation Army drive or are advocating a more widespread interest in Boys' Week or what not, you have before you a group of people who, knowing the subject of your discourse, have willingly come to hear it. But that same talk on the air is going to many thousands of listeners who are not in this classification. They have not come to hear you—you are going to them. Hence their frame of mind is different. They have not asked you to address them, so if you are not interesting they will not listen!

An average audience is made up of approximately one-quarter boys and girls and three-quarters men and women. If you want to get the maximum amount of results, shape your talk accordingly.

Further evidence as to the status of the people to whom you talk over the radio is offered by a recent survey made by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company in their territory in which it developed that some-

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thing like 41 per cent of the people who have radio sets own one-family houses while 45 per cent own automobiles. Thus nearly half of your audience consists of what magazine men call "quality circulation."

In our effort to make plain to you that this group of listeners is a cold, lifeless audience, especially to the man who is used to speaking to animated gatherings, we must not overshoot the mark. While it is true that you see none of the crowd's pleasure and hear none of its approval as you progress, it is also true that the radio audience, as the abstract reminds us, is the most responsive audience which exists. One night Station WJAZ, of Chicago, asked those who were particularly pleased with the evening's program to telegraph their approval instead of writing letters or telephoning in the usual way. The genuine responsiveness of the average radio audience can be calculated from the fact that inside of four hours Station WJAZ had received 4,284 paid telegrams averaging 75 cents

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each in cost! When we consider how frugal some audiences are with hand-claps, which entail no investment, \$3,200 worth of voluntary applause means something decidedly concrete!

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YOU may say, of course, that this does not interest you particularly because you do not intend to do any broadcasting. But that is a rather broad statement. In the first place, if you have a message of general interest or importance, it is foolish to ignore the Radio. Secondly, if you are associated with public affairs you will sooner or later encounter the Radio. Thirdly, the Radio is becoming so universal that it overshadows the other forms of public speaking, so far as influence is concerned, to a hopeless degree.

When President Harding died in California, plans had been completed for one of the most phenomenal experiments ever attempted in this field. Every detail had been arranged, tests passed and every contingency provided for in a great cobweb of broadcasting stations that would have carried Mr.

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Harding's words from San Francisco to the ears of every American citizen who owned or could get near a radio set on that occasion! In other words, it is possible that our late President could have spoken directly to at least 20,000,000 people in addition to the few thousand who might have been seated in the auditorium before him! Beyond this estimate, it is certainly conceivable that nearly every citizen in the country might have heard that address.

But, of course, this is the President speaking. It is not customary to hook up from ten to twenty stations for an ordinary citizen. Yet in spite of that truth, the power of the Radio is enormous.

It is estimated that there are between 2,000,000 and 5,000,000 radio receiving sets in the United States (estimated during the year 1924). Trimming this down to localities, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company conservatively estimates that a normal audience listening to Station WEAJ is around 500,000 people.

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These figures are arrived at on the basis of the survey to which we have already referred, in which the owners of 8,135 receiving sets within 100 miles of New York City were questioned. A tabulation of the replies showed that these 8,135 sets served 44,193 listeners—making an average of 5.4 listeners per set. Using this figure, it is calculated that WEA F alone reaches 2,000,000 people in its territory, there being from 600,000 to 650,000 sets in the vicinity. Assuming that only one-half of them are “listening in” at any one time, and assuming, further, that only half of the listeners are “tuned in” on the WEA F program, the remainder can reasonably be called the average audience. In other words, it is reasonable to suppose that 25 per cent of the possible number of listeners represents a normal audience.

Be that as it may, we do know that Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the Brooklyn clergyman who speaks through this station from the Bedford Branch Y. M. C. A., on certain Sunday afternoons of the season averages around 2,000

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letters a week in response to his talks. A woman talking on the subject of cooking received over 800 requests for recipes from what must have been a decidedly limited audience; a wedding ceremony broadcast some time ago drew something like 2,000 letters of congratulation; when Marion Davies, the motion picture star, offered an autographed picture of herself through this same station to anybody who would write for it, she got more than 7,000 letters taking her at her word!

But this, of course, deals with merely the local value of the Radio. As is pointed out in the "Hints to Broadcasting Artists," one never knows how far a radio talk may go. When the *Radio Broadcast* magazine held its trans-Atlantic tests early in 1924 it asked its readers to report to the publication if they had been successful in picking up the program from England. In one issue of that paper three hundred and eight readers from thirty-two states and four Canadian provinces were listed as having "brought in" the program.

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There is no way of estimating the possible number of folks who heard that test, but who did not see that issue of *Radio Broadcast*. Suffice it to say that twenty-one readers as far away from London as Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska were represented in the first roll call.

The number of listeners who get domestic stations at great distances is, of course, much larger than this. The mere fact that the New York newspapers find it necessary to list the programs of stations in Cuba, Canada, Missouri, California and other distant places speaks volumes for the countless numbers who listen to the programs that are being broadcast hundreds, even thousands, of miles away.

So obviously the Radio is a powerful medium. When a man in England, speaking in a conversational tone of voice, can be heard in Texas, you are dealing with an agency for the instruction and amusement of the populace that cannot be exaggerated. When a Brooklyn minister can include in his congregation 2,000,000 people every Sunday by the simple

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process of having a metal disk set up a few feet away from him, we are face to face with a force that exceeds anything ever dreamed of by the most fantastic genius.

It behooves the speaker, therefore, to cultivate the Radio!

Radio speakers, of course, usually have their subjects chosen by the circumstances, the nature of the occasion on which they are speaking, or some other intimate condition. To include in this volume model radio talks would be quite foolhardy for that reason. In an effort, however, to crystallize our preceding remarks on the subject of dramatic interest, sustained attention and rapid transition from point to point, we are reproducing in the following pages a speech delivered by the writer through Station WEAJ, New York, as one of a series of biographical stories of general interest.

The talk, entitled, "The Boyhood of Andrew Jackson," follows:

Early in March, 1767, the constable of Twelve Mile Creek was startled by the sight

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of a man pitching headlong into the rocky little river that runs through the Catawba Valley, down in the Carolinas. Peeling off his jacket as he ran, the protector of the peace plunged into the swirling, cold water of the stream in an heroic rescue.

The chill of the Spring freshet, the terrific battle with the drowning man, and the cold he acquired in his soaking wet condition added the final straw to a sick man's weakened condition—and he died.

One week after his burial another son was born to the Widow Jackson, and he was named Andrew, in honor of his dad.

Thus we see the Seventh President of the United States born in both honor and poverty—but especially poverty.

Those were frontier days and this young hoodlum—this red-haired, bare-footed, freckled little devil called Andy Jackson was a typical frontier boy.

A fellow was pretty well educated then in the neighborhood of Twelve Mile Creek if he could scrawl a shaggy hand and do a lit-

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tle "figurin'." By such a requirement, Jackson was educated. But where we see young Thomas Jefferson or James Madison spending most of the daylight hours in study, we find "Horse Face" Jackson doing bareback pony riding stunts, breaking the local record for broad-jumping and mixing it up a bit with any lad who had a hunger for a scrap.

Wrestling appealed considerably to young Andy, and what he lacked in weight he made up in grit. One of his biographers gives a good slant on Jackson's early character in quoting from a boyhood chum. "I could throw him three times out of four in wrestling," said Jackson's friend, "but he would never stay throwed!"

We get another snapshot of young Jackson from the time when several of his companions played a practical joke on him. They got an old blunderbuss and overloaded it so that it would let loose a terrific kick when fired. Handing it to Andy, they dared him to shoot it.

Of course Andy did—quite innocent of the

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details of the prank—with the result that he was knocked head over heels in the dirt.

As the four bigger boys prepared to jeer and taunt their victim in his disgrace, he leapt to his feet, fists clenched, eyes snapping and jaw set. "If one of you laughs," he snapped through his teeth, "I'll kill you."

There were four to one. But nobody laughed!

In the face of all these evidences of a fighting spirit, we mustn't ever get the idea that Andy Jackson was a bully or a "pug." Let one boy insult a girl or let a big fellow pick on a smaller boy—and ten Jacksonian knuckles flashed through the air. The weak and helpless always found protection under the bony wing of "Horse Face"—and the big and strong, let me add, never called him by that nickname to his face!

In due time we see Jackson's fighting blood spilled in a good cause. Remember that the American Revolution was at its height when Jackson was twelve or thirteen years old. Turn back your mind to History Class

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and recall our old friend, "Butcher" Tarleton—remember the old Tories and bear in mind that the war then wasn't thousands of miles overseas but right on one's own doorstep. Why, when one of Washington's soldiers got a leave of absence and came home to the Carolinas for a few days, it was necessary for his neighbors to stand guard over his house at night for fear the Tories of the locality would set fire to it or attack the family!

In such conditions was Andrew Jackson reared. He and his two brothers (both of whom were eventually killed in the Revolution) fought in this sharp-shooting guerrilla warfare where neighbors ambushed neighbors and even relatives fought against relatives quite as fiercely as they combated the occasional squadrons of British dragoons who rode through the community.

Most of us know about the much-repeated incident of Jackson's war career that happened at this time. He and his brother were captured, you know, by a troop of enemy

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horsemen. The commanding officer at camp headquarters ordered Andy, in a churlish tone, to shine up his boots, hurling the shoes at him as he gave the command. Jackson, as anybody but the officer might have expected, hurled the boots back with the fiery retort: "Shine 'em yourself. I'm a prisoner of war, not a bootblack!"

For this bit of spunk he earned a saber blow across the side of the head that left a scar for life.

On another occasion the youthful American's grit cropped out. The same officer, knowing that one of the American soldiers had come home on a leave and was living not far distant, ordered a half-dozen troopers to go out and capture him. Andrew Jackson was instructed to show them the way.

At first he refused point blank. But when they threatened him with the firing squad if he resisted, a bright idea came to him and he consented.

The farm of the Colonial who was marked for capture lay about two miles from the

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camp. Two roads led to it: one followed the creek and was heavily shaded by trees up to a hundred yards from the door—the other took a winding course and came out of the woods at the edge of the farm itself about a half-mile from the house.

Young Andy figured that no wide-awake soldier in those days would be such a fool as to neglect to have a lookout on duty all the time he was home. One neighbor always did that for another, you know—and sometimes several neighbors stood guard at one time.

On the strength of that deduction, Jackson took the troopers around the back road, knowing that they would be in a clear view of the house for several minutes before they actually reached it.

The guess was a good one. As Jackson and his cavalcade appeared in the clearing, a shrill whistle pierced the air—the troopers pricked up their ears—the leader sensed trouble and lashed his horse into a gallop—two more shrill whistles from the distance and then the coatless figure of a man dashed from the little

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house, cleared the rail fence and in a single bound was astride the restless horse waiting by the gate.

Before the invaders had covered another hundred feet, the Colonial soldier was safe in the woods!

Perhaps Andrew Jackson's education was limited to a shaggy penmanship and a little figurin'. Maybe he was a better athlete than student. But Andrew Jackson had a keen brain and a sharp wit under his reddish hair; he had a stout heart and a clean soul under his homespun shirt—with these attributes he mixed a code of honor, a monumental will power, an unfaltering loyalty and a faultless character.

So he became President.

And many years after he had gone—when the sting of politics and the fire of personalities died down—a famous historian wrote the words that are my concluding lines:

“In ability he was almost a Cæsar; and while it is perhaps well that the American people are

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inclined to place few Cæsars in the Presidential Chair, may it be hoped that whenever they do they will choose as honest and unselfish a one as Andrew Jackson."

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A Few Unconventional Thoughts on Speaking in General

PUBLIC speaking, whether it be classified as Oratory, Preaching or Debate, is pure salesmanship in the strictest sense of the term. A commercial man trying to land an order for rubber boots or hair brushes may not appear to you in the same light as Henry Clay debating the slave question or Wendell Phillips changing the mind of an audience against its will.

But fundamentally, these men, in their different lines, are trying to do exactly the same thing. They are striving to convince the listener or the audience that the article or the principle for which they are talking merits the approval of those auditors. It makes no difference whether you are selling an auto-

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mobile or preaching a sermon in the world's most famous cathedral, the fundamentals in each instance are the same: you must convince the other man that you are giving him something he wants badly enough to pay for in money, in thought, in effort, or in whatever may be the currency of the occasion. If you do not convince the prospect that he wants this automobile of yours, then he will not spend the money for it. Likewise, if you do not convince this parishioner that he must mend his evil ways, he will not spend the effort on converting himself.

That ought to be plain enough. But it seems not to be. Too many speakers (or preachers or orators, if you prefer) do not appreciate the likeness to such an extent that they can bring to bear on a speech the same logical principles they would use in a sales talk.

The text-books tell you that in order to deliver a successful selling message, you must follow a set program of procedure:

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1. You must attract attention.
2. You must turn that attention into interest.
3. You must convert that interest into a desire to have what you offer.
4. And, finally, you must GET ACTION.

As a public speaker, you are somewhat relieved of the first step in this procedure. The fact that you stand up on a platform or are introduced by a chairman or toastmaster serves to attract the attention. What you must do immediately is capture the interest of the audience, and from that point on you must adhere to the theory of direct selling without variation.

The method you use to accomplish that depends more upon the circumstances than upon general rules. But you can still afford to be guided by the experience of the men and women who have met with success in convincing others.

First of all, it is absolutely essential that

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your language be the language of the audience. By that, we mean that it should be so simple that the most poorly educated individual in the room can comprehend your message without effort. If you reach him you have reached them all. A speech, to be ideal, should be like a perfect sidewalk—it should take you from point to point with such ease and comfort that you never stop to think about the fact that it is there. Any salesman will tell you that when a prospect says, “You certainly are a good salesman” or “You have a wonderful selling talk,” the sale is lost. That is because the prospect is thinking about the talk, not the subject—the sidewalk, not the terminus. It is only when the prospect says, “You have a good *product*” that the salesman knows he is on the right track!

Therefore, when the clergyman preaches or the politician orates, he is losing ground when the audience reflects on his eloquence, his vocabulary or his charm. When the subject is a serious one, your audience must believe in you and must be inspired with conviction—

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to have them praise you and admire you may gratify your ego, but it *does not sell the idea!*

So let your language be as simple as possible in order that there may be nothing to prevent your message from striking home.

Secondly, you must be extremely considerate of the viewpoint of the audience. Somebody said there are three sides to every subject: "Your side, my side, and the right side." Never forget it when you are talking on a subject about which there is a difference of opinion. Remember that your audience must be *sold* your point of view. It cannot be jammed down their throats. Turn your mind back to the last time you made a purchase which called for judgment and consideration. Suppose it was life insurance. When you said to the salesman, "But why shouldn't I put this money in the bank?" you will recall that he didn't answer with, "Oh, that's a crazy idea! Where did you ever get that notion?"

If he had made that retort, you would have become offended and you would have shown him the door. What he did say, in all prob-

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ability, was something like this: "Well, there is nothing more laudable than putting money in the bank. I certainly advise every man who can to do it because saving and thrift is the very foundation of security. But don't forget that insurance is not only thrift—it is protection.

"Suppose you put \$100 in the bank tomorrow. Next week you put in another hundred. A month from to-day you die. What do you get from the bank? Two hundred dollars! Whereas, if you had put that money into life insurance, your wife would get \$10,000."

That, roughly, is what the insurance man could say. Don't you think it would go further with you than the first retort?

It would simply because it combines the facts with an appreciation of your opinion. The salesman never says, "You're wrong there!" Rather, he says, "I can see your point, all right; and while you are right as far as you go, there is also this to consider." And then he proceeds to present his arguments.

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And because he meets you halfway, admitting that you are entitled to your opinion and thereby flattering you slightly, he wins your ear.

Mark Antony, rising to address a hostile mob, gave us one of the finest examples of keen salesmanship ever offered in history. Read over that oration of his beginning, "Friends, Romans and countrymen, lend me your ears." Just consider how far Antony would have gone had he used the same tone and temper of his concluding remarks in his introductory words!

Then, too, there is the necessity for a speaker's answering that eternal question of every audience: WHY? Do you want this gathering to vote for you; to support this tax measure; to defeat that piece of proposed legislation; to do anything, in fact, that they have not yet conclusively done? Then show them why—give them *reasons*. You can resort to the emotional appeal, to patriotism, to their self-interest or self-respect; to any legitimate

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motive which might cause the desired action. But don't forget to fill in with "reason why" arguments because that fervor will die down and that ardor will cool in time—but facts remain facts.

Another valuable asset to the speaking "salesman" is enthusiasm. A man can't earn much in commissions unless he believes in his "line." You can't convince an uninterested individual that what you say is true unless you prove to him, by the feeling behind the words, that you are convinced of it yourself. As Lincoln once said to an office seeker, "What you do speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say." So also can the eloquence of your lack of enthusiasm drown out the words you use to deceive the other fellow. Nothing rings so hollow as a glib sales talk—unless it be an insincere speech.

The "You Attitude," after all, sums up the problem of the speaker just as completely as it summarizes the task of the salesman. You are seeking to inspire action, of one kind or

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another, on the part of somebody else. The shortest route to success, then, is along the path that would persuade you to act if you were in the shoes of the other fellow! Think of the things you would like to know if you were down there in the front row with no more knowledge of the subject in hand than the folks who sit there now. What line of persuasion would appeal to you most of all if some other speaker were speaking? Decide upon that and then follow it. Not to the total exclusion of every other line of thought, to be sure, for there are different kinds of people listening to you. What appeals to you may not strike us as convincing, and vice versa. So cover every angle. But play hardest on the things which have convinced you that the cause is right, and the chances are you will get the average person on that appeal.

Louis Victor Eytinge once said that the way to write a good letter is to "crawl in the envelope and seal the flap." By the same token, the way to make a good speech is to climb

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into the shoes of the audience and listen to yourself.

All this, of course, concerns serious speaking. The problem of talking for the amusement or entertainment of the guests is somewhat different, even though the detailed steps of the procedure are the same. You must have interest, a desire for the continuation of your effort, and a type of action that is best expressed in applause or an invitation to speak again. So you must not neglect to cultivate the same "You Attitude" which must guide you in more weighty work, because if you don't get the other fellow's viewpoint you can't amuse him except at your own expense. And since you are supposed to be a speaker, not a clown, this isn't profitable.

So always remember that public speaking and selling are one and the same. The fundamental problem before you is to persuade the listener to change his mind. Therefore, as a speaker, you need all the tact, all the personality, all the eloquence, all the enthusiasm, and all the diplomatic courtesy that is packed away

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in the tool kit of the high grade salesman. If, with it, you have a sense of humor and a keen wit, then you are all the more formidable. All you need then is the discretion to use each tool wisely and well.

*SPEECHES FOR MASONS, ELKS,
ODD FELLOWS AND OTHER
FRATERNAL ORDERS*

INASMUCH as this is a book on the general subject of Speeches, it is necessary for us to touch lightly on the separate topic of Fraternal Speeches. We can be no more than general in this section because we are so far removed from the individual instance of each individual speech. Nevertheless, under this handicap, we can attempt to formulate a few model talks with their faults of generality always in mind.


In some cases, it will be observed, the mere change of names and titles will render a speech suitable for the occasion specified equally useful at a meeting or dinner of some other organization. In this respect we have purposely tried to meet this requirement for the convenience and satisfaction of the reader

SPEECHES FOR FRATERNAL ORDERS

whose problem may call for general rather than specific remarks.

Granted that one could prepare a more pointed address, with the atmosphere of the gathering, the actual facts, both historical and current, at hand, and the true viewpoint of a member of some particular fraternal body, these will doubtless cover their intended purpose.

FOR A MASONIC GATHERING

 ONE of the most prized possessions of a Mason is the emblem he wears in his coat lapel which testifies to the world that he is a Free and Accepted Mason. That emblem is a symbol of fraternity and brotherhood, of union and strength, of fellowship and congeniality.

Emblems in themselves are strange things. The badges, the medals and the decorations which men desire and prize most are great paradoxes. In intrinsic value they are frequently insignificant. A hungry man with nothing but a badge could not live long on the food its exchange would bring. Take those emblems like the Victoria Cross, the Congressional Medal, the decoration of the Legion of Honor—the price of one of them is easily within the reach of any man in this room. Yet men risk death, the agony of wounds and the tortures of invalidism for the privilege of

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wearing those inexpensive yet priceless ornaments.

A Masonic emblem can be bought for very little money. But is it the price that makes it precious? Is it the size of the diamond set in its metal? Is it the weight of the gold of which it is formed? You know it isn't. It is the thing behind it that makes it worth having—the spirit which it symbolizes—the fraternalism of which it is the external emblem.

My point is easily reached. It is this: we, as individuals, are precious to this glorious Order of ours—we are priceless, invaluable. But it is not in a material way. The donations we make, the resources we have to offer, the bequests which appear in our wills—those are not the things which measure our value to Masonry.

We, like these emblems, are symbols of Fraternity. With this badge upon our coats for the world to view we become animated emblems. As breath-and-blood individuals we symbolize ever so eloquently the principles and virtues that are identified by these badges.

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In every action, almost every word, we signify that we are Masons just as our lapel buttons do. Folks do not say, "His badge is a Mason." They say: "*He* is a Mason."

They do not say, "I wonder if all the badges are as mean as that one?" They say, "I wonder if all Masons are as mean as that one!"

Let us remember that.

We are invaluable to Freemasonry because we are symbols of Freemasonry.

Let us never become tarnished or rusted or imperfect!

MASONS

WE have in the world to-day more wealth, more people, more education, more progress than ever before. We go into the bowels of the earth and bring forth more treasures than Cæsar knew existed. We put the torch to our furnaces and produce wonders that would strike Babylon envious. Our machines, our inventive genius, our mastery of the land, the air and the sea; our navigators, our commercial wizards, our industrial giants all contribute to the multiplication of wealth, the spread of intelligence, the enjoyment of comfort and the elevation of the race.

In the olden days they sang of miracles—to-day we perform them. A man speaks into a metal microphone in London and is heard by a humble middle-class citizen on his ranch in Oklahoma. A fearless bird-man flies through the air at more than 250 miles an hour, while another “hops” from New York

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to San Francisco before a full day slips by on the calendar—and lands with two hours to spare!

For two copper pennies we buy a newspaper on the corner—a prize that Alexander, with all his wealth and power, could not buy at any price. We stick a plug in the wall and apply to the task of cleaning a rug that force before which the monarchs of the world once fell in fear and trembling.

But with all this progress—all this development—all this amassing of worldly fortune, there is one thing with which we are not yet surfeited. And that is Brotherly Love!

In a hundred years every man may be a bloated plutocrat. In another century every man may own his own automobile and his own yacht. In a hundred years there may be no poverty, no suffering, no want.

But unless another century brings with it more Friendship, more Brotherly Love than we have to-day, we will be no richer than we are now!

Progress is not all material. Development

MASONS

is not all commercial and wealth is not all financial. With all these things minus Friendship Man will shrivel up and blow away in the wind. With none of these things, Man will still trudge along cheerfully if he has Friendship.

We Masons are Brothers. Brotherhood is merely ripened Friendship. We are, perhaps, the strongest and most universal Brotherhood in the world. Among our ranks are numbered those who give us these modern miracles—the men who tame Nature, the men who build, the men who invent, the men who drag the old world on.

But this is not our claim to greatness. Ah, no! If we win the crown for which we strive it will not be because we have used our trowels and compasses to erect bridges and factories and towering structures of the world: it will be because we have taken the plans and the specifications of that Great Architect, Christ, the Carpenter, and have followed with scrupulous care the blueprints He drew for this greatest of all structures, Brotherhood!

ODD FELLOWS

WHAT are "Odd Fellows"?

Exactly what the name implies: unusual, uncommon, unmatched, unique, singular, rare, extraordinary. At least, that is what I find when I look in the Standard Dictionary for a definition of the word "odd."

And when I turn to the word "fellow," I find that he is an "associate, a counterpart or a companion."

But it must be understood that Odd Fellows are not odd fellows or rare associates or uncommon companions because of numerical comparisons. Nobody could make that claim while the membership runs into the millions.

The thing which makes them rare is the very fact that there are so many men with so many singular characteristics bound together by the strongest of all invisible bonds—Fraternity.

ODD FELLOWS

The eggs of the Auk, four-legged ducks and hen's teeth are "odd" because there are so few of them!

Odd Fellows are odd because there are so many of them!

Secret societies are not uncommon—there are many of them. Fraternal orders are not uncommon—we have hundreds. But Odd Fellows *are* uncommon simply because we have more than two million of them.

The oddity of this Order rests in the fundamental fact that its members help each other. Our brotherhood is not confined to rituals, to oaths and to ceremonies. It takes tangible form when a man needs help most. I need not dwell on the \$5,000,000 worth of practical charitable institutions maintained by the I. O. O. F.,—nor on the \$8,000,000 worth of practical relief disbursed annually. You know as much of those things as I do, and neither of us can see any occasion for bragging about an organization that is clear-sighted enough to do its Christian duty by its fellow men. We do these things and other worthy things as a

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matter of course from the depths of full hearts. They seem to us to be the right things to do. So they are done.

That is what makes this association of men "Odd Fellows"!

For it seems that in the rush and bustle of the modern frantic world men are too intent upon helping themselves—too saturated with greed, self-interest and proud ambition—to think much of the other fellow. It is a pity, but it is a fact. On every hand comes the evidence to support it, and all the doubtful need do to verify it is to read through his daily paper and marvel at the cruelty of man to man.

So, while the world continues to magnify Self, let us continue to be Odd by magnifying the Other Fellow.

It is a rare way to earn a crown these days!

ODD FELLOWS

GENERATIONS ago in the business world practically every man was for himself. The employer class was not heavily outnumbered by the employee class because every endeavor was highly individualized.

In time the age of association, coördination and coöperation took root in the business world—and Progress dates from that time. The old days are still revered for the artistry and the workmanship of their periods—the patient, laborious creations of the skilled hand-workers. In spite of that the principle of association in business was generally accepted as a step in advance, and with that sharing of work and profit has come a more universal enjoyment of opportunity and development.

Now although all this was new to business, it was not new to the social side of mankind. The tribe is nearly as old as the world and

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the coöperative principle of many united tribes or families is the fundamental reason why we are here to-day.

Men with a common desire for protection against a common foe soon mastered the theory of consolidation.

The fraternal order is a refinement of that fundamental. The men who make these orders are not seeking protection, they are seeking advancement. They want to become better men and they see that it is impossible to become a better man without the help, the assistance and the encouragement of other men with the same motive. Friendship and Brotherhood are powerful elements of progress—but no more or no less powerful to-day than they were when the Odd Fellows were founded hundreds of years ago.

Soldiers and horses, trained and experienced, can march many miles a day for many days at a time when the occasion demands it. But even though their discipline, their experience and their purely muscular powers may make this easy, they can cover more ground

ODD FELLOWS

with less fatigue when there is a band at the head of the column!

All these men who are Odd Fellows could develop and advance even if they were not Odd Fellows. Alone and single-handed, each one could be a better man next year than he was last year.

But like the Army band, we have something to quicken our steps, to raise our spirits and insure our advance. That "band" is the spirit of brotherhood and fellowship written into the very soul of the Odd Fellow.

We march on easier because we are all marching together.

And we go farther in less time because we have the music of fraternalism to quicken our steps.

ELKS

THE Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has many distinctions. But I feel that its most prized distinction is the fact that, unlike the other large fraternal orders, it is such a strictly American institution. Literally born on New York's "Great White Way" among a guild of men famed for their accomplishments, their courage and their big hearts, it has spread throughout this country, into Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines with such vigor that in less than a half century its membership reached a half million.

And why? Well, I should say in answer to that rhetorical question that the reason is best summarized in the common paraphrase of our official title into the cheery words: Best People on Earth.

We have congenial spirits, fellowship, the helping hand, civic pride and the glorifica-

ELKS

tion of our country to bind us together. We grow simply because there are thousands of men who are hungry for the expression of these sentiments and suddenly discover that the Elks are not a bit backward in putting those feelings into deeds.

That discovery is the essence of progress. Individuals seldom advance. It is only when they find congenial companionship, sympathy and encouragement that they begin to forge ahead spiritually and mentally. The road is a long, weary one when we're hitting it alone—when we march in gay company we smooth out the rough spots by the force of numbers and overlook the ruts by force of diversion.

The Elks are going forward. But it's not a scramble or a free-for-all. We want to help the other fellow go forward, too. If he stumbles we want to help him. If his vehicle breaks down, we want to lend a willing hand. If he loses his way, we'll gladly help him find the trail again.

For, after all, we're all going to the same place. Our ultimate destination is hidden be-

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hind the same mysterious veil. So it seems to us to be a natural, neighborly thing to give the other chap a hand.

That is why the Elks are so often called, "The Best People on Earth." They themselves don't claim to be—their sole contention is that they *try* to be.

That entitles them to a fair share of credit, the tangible evidences of which are the steady growth and unfaltering prosperity of this society.

That is my conception of the B. P. O. E.!

ELKS

“IF thou findest a good man, rise up early in the morning and go to him, and let thy feet wear the steps of his door.”

So says the Book of Ecclesiasticus.

What more fitting program or more comprehensive doctrine could any good Elk ask? What more concise sentence could describe the growth of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks?

Any organization will grow if it has the energy and the capital to sustain it. Even the most nefarious societies, the “Black Hand” cults of the Latin world, persevere against Time. But growth must be measured in many ways: we may grow more vicious, more dangerous or more cruel just as we may grow more helpful, more inspiring and more useful.

Numerical strength in itself may be for good or evil. It is the selection of the numbers that determines that! the caliber of the

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individuals who go to make up numerical strength.

With a trumpet, a theory and a soap-box, one can always attract followers. So it is not the numbers that measure the usefulness of a society, but the purpose. If it should happen that a brotherhood with as supreme a purpose as the Elks should reach the numerical strength of the Elks, then we see the phenomenon of numbers being unequal to the task of expressing strength!

For just so surely as two men of noble character are worth twice as much as two men of inferior or ordinary character, it follows in the scale of social values that two hundred thousand men of noble strain are worth twice as much as four hundred thousand lesser beings. The higher you go in numbers, the higher the ratios run.

What does this mean to the Elks? It means, above all things, that we must never, never forget the admonition of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. We must never, never grow satisfied with the numbers we have. We must never

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start on the downward path by saying, in one form or another, "Well, we now have one million or five million members—let us rest on our oars."

Rather let us say: "We have five million members—there must be five million more worthy of being Elks."

As long as there are five million or fifty million—or a half million men whose characters are such that they would fit into our scheme of things, let us go to them and tell them what it means to be an Elk!

Let us write on the wall of every meeting room in Elk-dom the stirring words from the Book of Books:

"If thou findest a good man, rise up early in the morning and go to him, and let thy feet wear the steps of his door."

GENERAL TALK ON BROTHERHOOD

SIR WALTER SCOTT once said that "the race of mankind would perish did they cease to help one another."

Nevertheless we speak of independence, of self-reliance, of our own singular abilities, of our accomplishments without aid, of our courage and fortitude and strength.

These are relative terms. There is no independence. A man is brave as he walks alone down the dark avenue because other men have built the dike strong enough to hold back the angry ocean; because other men are on watch lest the enemy sneak through the gates; because other men sleep beside their engines of protection, waiting to answer the alarm of fire. A man is brave because within the sound of his voice a hundred other men are there to respond should he utter one cry for aid.

A lone wolf sulks in the snow and snarls.

TALK ON BROTHERHOOD

But each wolf in a pack is brave, each wolf runs and barks at danger and snaps at the skirts of death.

We men are like wolves. We need men beside us to make us brave. We need visible signs of support to keep our courage from oozing. We need tangible evidence of companionship to keep our spirits high.

Take any one of us in this room to a desert isle and set us apart from the world and you rob us of more than company. You strip us of Love, Ambition, Generosity, Liberality, Vision, Tolerance because we have no one with whom to practice these virtues.

So the thought I want to leave with you tonight, my brothers, is this: when Man was single-handed, alone and independent, he was a savage with the hair matted on his chest.

With dependence came progress. With progress came unity. With unity came Fraternity. And when Fraternity dawned, there was hope for the Race of Man.

From the time when a fond mother holds our head to her breast so that we may partake

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of Life to the day when a fond friend presses our cold eyelids over our staring eyes, man is dependent.

Brotherhood and Fraternity have made independence and self-reliance empty words. While we were self-reliant, we were brutes. When we became brothers, we became men.

Therefore, let us perpetuate this great Brotherhood of ours so that the race of mankind shall not perish!

THE END

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